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LALLIE CHARLES.

LADY ELLIOT.

Titchfield Road, N.W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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ENEMIES OF THE . . .
HUMAN RACE.

ONLY a fortnight ago we were jesting at the advent of the silly season, and wondering what topic newspaper editors would get to fill their starved columns. But no one knows what the morrow will bring forth, and from what appeared to be a blue and cloudless sky Fate has issued one of those thunderbolts that make an end of all trifling for the time being. On Friday the President of the United States of America, the first citizen of a great and free republic, one, too, who owed his magnificent position neither to influence nor to ancestry, but, as became the traditions of a country the beginning of whose charter is "All men are born free and equal," to his own talent, perseverance, and service to the State, was ruthlessly shot by an assassin. He was at the time engaged in a task that could have aroused no man's enmity, since the shots were fired while he was receiving visitors at the Pan-American Exhibition at Buffalo, and apparently glad at the universal expressions of goodwill that his presence called forth. The assailant was a foreigner, by name Leon Czolgosz, a stranger in Buffalo. If he had possessed a personal grudge against the President, had the crime been one of revenge, there would be less to say. This is a temptation to ordinary criminals, who are as dangerous to a ruling statesman as to the humblest peasant. It would have been enough to hang the would-be murderer and have done with it. But the circumstances are very different from those which usually accompany the crime of bloodshed. The man appears to be one of those weak-minded fanatics who take Anarchist

lecturers at their word, and literally carry out their frightful doctrines. And if that is so, then the assassin is not more to blame than those who suggested the deed to him. He deserves, and we hope will receive, no mercy. "Thou shalt not kill" is a commandment humanity is bound to enforce for the sake of its own well-being and security, since if this crime were not severely punished, the frequency and peril of its occurrence would soon render life unbearable.

Yet it is notorious that the perpetrators of the political crimes that have been so frequent of recent years are invariably of weak intellect. They act upon suggestion as certainly as a hypnotised subject does, and it seems a vain thing to hang them while those who are really responsible go scot-free. This is a matter well worthy of consideration in Great Britain, where every demagogue is free to preach the vilest doctrines as publicly as he cares to. We are too apt to despise the Anarchist as a self-glorifying mountebank, whose sweeping doctrines are in equal degree the offspring of ignorance and an insane thirst for notoriety. Unluckily all his hearers do not take him so lightly. A few on listening to the contumely heaped on all rulers, begin really to believe that by killing one of them they will not only perform a meritorious act, but win what is, in their eyes, eternal fame. That they take their own lives in their hands is nothing extraordinary. Our age is not one that really values life very highly. We live so fast and so intensely that an increasing number weary of the journey before half the road is travelled; and never was a time more prodigal of those willing to undertake hazardous enterprises, it may be in legitimate warfare on the African veldt or in cowardly murder in the centres of civilisation. But a time surely has come for making the mere promulgation of Anarchism a punishable offence. As it is really an incitement directed against the human race, it may be described as *lese-majesté* exaggerated to the point of enormity. Freedom of speech and freedom of thought are very excellent attributes, but our respect for them ought not to lead us to the toleration of the abuse of licence. Undoubtedly we have done that in the past. No other nation in the world would without severe punishment have allowed even the members of its own Legislature to express sympathy with its enemies, and enter into friendly correspondence with them during a war between the two countries; no other nation is so heedlessly disregardful of openly taught sedition. Our vigilance is keen for printed offences against purity, but similar offences directed against life are ignored.

There would be a special fitness in taking some step of the kind indicated in direct consequence of this outrage. England, during recent years, has been drawn close to America in a bond that should never have been relaxed, and the American President took a great share in helping the change onward. Indeed, nothing is more remarkable in connection with it than the advance he has made himself. A few years ago the McKinley tariff seemed like to hurt British trade most seriously, yet no later than Thursday, at the same Pan-American Congress, he was all but advocating Free Trade. We note this because the real bond of union between the two countries, as he frankly recognised, is commercial. Sentimental considerations are advanced mostly for the benefit of the multitudes, but the policy of statesmen is guided by considerations of interest. And these are really uniting the two countries. It was greatly to Mr. McKinley's credit that he was quick to see and act upon this. A difficult game he had to play, too! There is in America a party very strongly opposed to this country, and that would probably rejoice if America came to loggerheads with us. Great thanks, therefore, are due to Mr. McKinley's tact and skill, helped by the wise collaboration of Lord Salisbury, that the various conflicting questions were settled without friction. At the time of the German Emperor's telegram to President Kruger, it will be remembered that insults were being almost daily showered upon this country by the American Press. England, it is true, did not take them very seriously, because it was considered that twisting the lion's tail was an ordinary electioneering dodge, but they showed that there was an element on the other side of the Atlantic that might easily have been inflamed into terrible enmity. Instead of that, what recent years have witnessed has been an international exchange of help and sympathy. We stood by the States during their war with Spain, and America refused to have anything to do with the Boer delegates when they went there in the hope of trading upon an alleged hostility.

Our Portrait Illustrations.

LADY ELLIOT, whose portrait is reproduced as our frontispiece to-day, is the wife of Sir George Elliot, Bart., and was married in 1897. Her husband is an Eton and Jesus man, and was once in the Yorkshire Yeomanry. Sir George and Lady Elliot's town house is at 17, Stratton Street. On another page will be found the portrait of Lady Winifred Gore, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Arran.



FREDENSBORG has during the week presented a scene whose brilliance would require the pen of the late Lord Beaconsfield to do justice to it. King Edward was received at Elsinore—a name that resounds through English poetry—by a company that included some of the most illustrious Sovereigns of Europe. Among them let us mention, first and foremost, Queen Alexandra and King Christian, with whom were the Czar and Czarina and the Empress Dowager of Russia, the Princess Victoria, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, and other Royal personages. Nor would it be fair to dismiss such an occasion as no more than a display of pomp and ceremony. Members of Royal families may have less direct influence upon the policies of nations than once was the case, but he would be rash indeed who said they have none. All that makes for friendliness among them makes also for the peace of the world, especially as one at least of the most notable cherishes the hope as the master passion of his life that he will live to see nations living together in brotherhood and amity, not guarded with legions of soldiers, but trusting to a universal love of fair play. Out of such a gathering there is every reason to hope that something will come making for the well-being of humanity.

Meanwhile we at home are preparing to celebrate the millenary of a great king of the past. King by merit, if to be wise is to be kingly, as well as king by Royal descent. Englishmen have their own way of doing things, and every side of the national character is to be represented. On all occasions, or nearly all, we eat and drink in our own melancholy fashion, and so the commemorators are invited to luncheons and dinners and garden parties by other commemorators. We are also dead set on improving our minds, and therefore the gaiety of nations is to be enhanced by lectures given by Mr. Frederic Harrison and Sir John Evans. Lastly comes Art, and the company will assemble with much dignity and ceremonial to witness the unveiling of the statue—colossal statue is the phrase—by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft. Add to all this some antiquarian rummaging among the town of Winchester, wherein so many fine memories are enshrined, and behold a programme full to the brim with entertainment of a becomingly Saxon gravity. It remains to be hoped that the fair hopes of those who are assembling to honour the great English king will not be ruined by a bad sample of English weather. Such a function demands sunshine to develop its perfect joy.

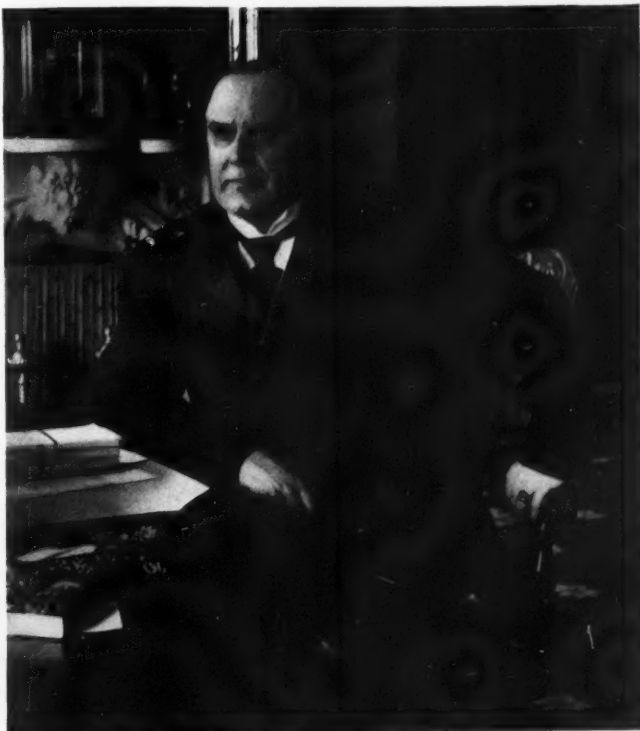
Elsewhere we have expressed our opinion of the dastardly assault upon President McKinley. At the time of writing he is still alive, with fair prospects of surviving the sad experience, no thanks to his would-be murderer. It seems, by the by, that should his victim survive the utmost punishment that can by American law be meted out to the man who shot him is ten years' imprisonment. Czolgosz is only twenty-eight, so that under the circumstances there would be let loose on the world a homicide not quite arrived at maturity. The law would seem to stand in need of amendment. Meanwhile, it is instructive to note that by Socialists the news has been received with shameless satisfaction. On Saturday two hundred Italian Anarchists met in Pennsylvania to celebrate the occasion, and two thousand Socialists who met at Chicago refused to pass a resolution of sympathy, on the ground that President McKinley represented Capital with a large C. So did the Trades' Labour Council at Nashville. The New York Socialists held a meeting that ended in disorder through a proposal of the same kind being made. In the centre of the steel-strike district the success of the crime was celebrated with singing.

Without wishing to exaggerate these manifestations of sympathy with the crime, it is not unfair to draw the deduction, painful though it may be, that throughout, we do not say the working classes, but society, there is a minority who believe in assassination as a means of propagating opinion. To shut one's eyes to that fact would be inconceivably foolish. We have

heard on more than one occasion a mild-mannered Anarchist, who will if he lives be a candidate for Parliament at the next election, and is in the way of becoming leader of his party here, expatiate by the hour on the virtue of killing kings and presidents as a means of supporting his principles. He came originally from "those States," and probably expresses accurately enough the opinion of such meetings as we have referred to. This is a matter that shortly will call for the intervention of the Legislature. An Emma Goldman, who sits in her seat promulgating Anarchist opinions, may continue to keep within the letter of the law as it at present exists, but in considering whether she should be allowed to continue doing so we must take into account the effect on dupes such as Czolgosz.

In a period of commercial reaction, for which commercial depression would be as yet too harsh a phrase, we cannot expect to find much comfort in the returns of the Board of Trade, and those issued for August only confirm our knowledge of the business situation. They show a total falling off in the volume of trade of about £2,000,000—exports £800,000, imports £1,160,000—as compared with the same month last year. For the first eight months of the year the imports have increased by about £8,500,000 and the exports decreased by £6,000,000. Whatever else these figures may do, they do not point to any lessened consumption of foreign produce in this country, since last month we paid £10,000 for foreign poultry and game, £420,000 for foreign eggs, and £750,000 for foreign cheese, to say nothing of the bill, as enormous, as usual, which we have to pay for foreign butter and foreign meat.

Nothing probably could have been better conceived, in order to achieve its desired effect, than the reception of Prince Chun by the German Emperor. It had all those dramatic features that are dear to the Oriental mind, which is free from the besetting tendency of the Western peoples to see something slightly ludicrous in all theatrical display. The Emperor's conception of his part clearly was to treat the Royal ambassador with the most courteous, but at the same time most frigid, condescension until the ample apology for the gross wrong had been received and accepted. Nor did the Emperor mince his words in commenting on Baron von Ketteler's murder, and went so far as to tell the envoy, in pretty clear terms, that such things are not to happen again. It was plain speaking, very much to the point. But, so soon as that act was done, it was followed by another conceived in a different vein altogether. He now treated the Chinese envoy like his Royal brother, or cousin,



PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

(Underwood and Underwood)

and showed him every kindness. The Prince, it is said, appeared nervous. That one need not wonder at. He is a young man, and his reception at first, when he walked between Imperial Guards into the presence of an offended Emperor surrounded by his staff, cannot have been of a nature to give confidence. Moreover, it is not impossible that he reflected that in his own country even the person of a Royal envoy would not

be inviolable after so great a wrong as that for which China has now fully humbled herself before Germany.

It seemed only too certain that before the final end came, this war that we are waging in South Africa, and that has been marked by great humanity on both sides, would degenerate and the amenities be forgotten, but we scarcely were prepared for the proclamation attributed to De Wet, that he intends to shoot every British soldier he may catch in the Orange River Colony after September 15th. It is, of course, the beaten side that suffers the most bitter exasperation, and when only the most irreconcilable of the fighters were left it was but to be expected that the gloves of civilised conventions would be cast off. Retaliations on either side were to be looked for. But so cold-blooded an expression of sanguinary intention as this was hardly within the range of probabilities. There is, to be sure, a difference between menace and action, and we still may hope that De Wet will not carry out to the letter the purpose put forward in his proclamation, but we know him for a desperate man; it has been said that he no longer is a sane man. In any case it would seem as if, with this latest Boer proclamation, we were entering on a new phase, a most horrible phase, and, we may trust, the final phase, of hostilities. But it is still not too late to cherish a hope that the mooted proclamation will not be made.

The capture of Lotter's commando is an incident that is bound to be of importance, and must have much the same measure of importance that we give it by the advantage taken of it. There seems little doubt that a goodly proportion of its members are rebels of the worst and perjured type, and perhaps it would be a miscarriage of mercy, as well as justice, to spare the influential men among them that extreme penalty that military law and the peculiar circumstances require. In any case we are well rid for the time of more than 100 truculent enemies, the enemy is struck a heavy blow, and, what is yet more important, Colonel Scobell is free to turn his able attentions to other commandoes in the Colony.

The Columbia has beaten the Constitution in three fairly sailed races, and the former is chosen to sail against our Shamrock II. Still, there seems to be some doubt in the minds of many American yachtsmen whether Constitution or Columbia is the better boat. On the other hand, it appears likely that the present boat of Sir Thomas Lipton is better than any that we have sent across the ocean before. We have learned, no doubt, by the experience both of ourselves and of our American friends who have beaten us, so that they now are doing us the compliment of expressing some fears about the result of the International race. It is a compliment that they hardly have paid us before. But as to their own boats they seem in doubt. The fact is that the Constitution has been built for a particular purpose, and that purpose she fulfils well. She can go the course in the maximum time limit of 5½ hours in the lightest possible breeze. In very light airs she is invincible, but for ordinary breezes she is less good, and in strong winds anything but good. That is the general verdict. If light airs could be ensured for all five races, no doubt Constitution would be the boat to sail. But that is not to be reckoned on. There may even not be a single day of light airs in all the five. Then where does the special merit of the Constitution come in? On the whole, it is a question whether the ordinary work-a-day racer is not better for the purpose required. But in any case our own hopes of getting the Cup are higher than they have been yet.

The herring seem to be the only kind of fish that are maintaining their numbers. Boats this year have taken more than they caught last year, though it is true that this is comparison with a very poor year, in spite of the fact that the disastrous gale occurring towards the end of August destroyed so many nets and occasioned the loss of so many crans of herrings. But the herring spawns in the deep sea, and the circumstance that his numbers are fairly kept up, while the "white fish," as they call them in Scotland, are diminishing to a degree that threatens both the fishing industry and the national food supply very seriously, is an argument the more on the side of those who charge the trawlers with being the cause that the white fish are decreasing. The raking up of the nurseries by the big trawls cannot be conducive to prosperity in the infant population, and the trouble seems to have become so serious that the Legislature will have to take some action about it if the destruction is to be stopped. In the meantime, it appears that there is every encouragement for the trawlers themselves to extend their operations, for we have just seen a prospectus of a new company to be formed for the purpose of fitting out a new fleet of the most improved trawling boats at Aberdeen. The Aberdonians are not notorious for casting their bread upon the waters when the wind is off shore, so to speak, and probably the circumstances justify them in deeming that a new fleet of trawlers will repay, with good interest, the expenses of its construction and equipment.

It seems as if it were fated that the earlier weeks of the salmon angling should be unfortunate—the earlier weeks, that is to say, after the nets are taken from the rivers. It is a time when the heaviest fish are not expected to run, but grilse and small salmon may be looked for if only they get a chance to go up. But, by the unkindly dispensation of Jupiter Pluvius, they have had no such chance for several years. Rivers have kept low until near the end of the season. This year there was a promise of better things. The promise had even some partial fulfilment, but it was very partial indeed. The Spey fished well for a day or two; but that was the end of it. It was but a small and rather a local rainfall, and now the days of the fishing are passing quickly, and the rivers, as usual, are exasperatingly low and clear.

From one of the monthly magazines, which has been collecting information on the point, we gather that in the extreme North and extreme South of England some remains can be traced of the old style of harvest home, which was usually celebrated during the present month. The emblem of it was the Kern-baby, or, as it is called in the North, the Kirn-dolly, a tiny sheaf made of the last stalks of corn cut, tied with bright ribbon, and carried home by the Harvest Queen, to be afterwards hung on the wall of the great straw barn, while the merry harvesters feasted on boiled mutton and potatoes and home-brewed beer, and then danced and danced till the early sunbeams called them out to toil. The world keeps growing more decorous, however, and the simple old feasts are no longer in vogue. Even the field-faring woman has learned about cheap town shops, and on Sunday comes out in her ready-made boots, her fashionable hat and blouse, so that meeting her in a country lane you might imagine her a town dressmaker out for a holiday. Indeed, she loves a cheap trip more than the honest merrymaking that contented her mother.

The rat has always held the reputation of being an animal that looked to the future, and many yarns are told of these rodents leaving wholesale a ship which was unseaworthy. An even more curious occurrence took place last week at Clontarf, a northern suburb of Dublin. For some time past the buttress of the sea wall from Castle Avenue to St. Lawrence Road has been undergoing repair. Broken places have been made good by the inserting of new blocks of stone, and the crevices between filled with concrete. The work begun at Castle Avenue and has reached Sunnyside, about 150yds. from Seaview Avenue. The broken spaces in the buttress afforded a safe retreat for hosts of rats. With their usual cunning, they gradually left the places which were being filled up, leaving no room for entrance or exit, and last week they were practically at the end of their tether, and must have held a consultation as to their next move. An old grey fellow was seen one day last week reconnoitring the surroundings, but particularly directing his attention to the mouth of a sewer which had just been left open by the outgoing tide. Evidently satisfied with his survey, the ancient one retired for a few seconds, and presently emerged from the buttress, followed by fifty or sixty rats, and the commando scampered across to the sewer and made their way into it, to the consternation of a number of gulls that were on the look-out for sewer delicacies. Like bees prospecting for a new home before they swarm, these rats must have located this sewer, and were only waiting for the tide to ebb sufficiently for the flitting.

Mr. Thomas Dykes is always worth listening to when he speaks of horses, and, indeed, who should know about them better than the late editor of the Clydesdale Stud Book and late secretary of the London Cart-horse Parade Society? A very interesting point is raised by his article in the current *Empire Review*. He very truly points out that the tramway and omnibus stables form both the "sheet and the storm anchor" of the War Office. Will they continue to do so in the future? We fear not, because the general tendency is to substitute another form of traction, steam or electricity, for horse power. One electric car, it is estimated, does away with the need for ten horses, and now look what a progression there is in their adoption. In 1897 new electric cars were adopted in the United Kingdom to the number of 487, in 1898 other 250 were set going, in 1899 there was a jump to 694, and in 1900 there were 1,000, doing away with the necessity for 10,000 horses. Now as far as human eye can see this movement is only starting. Tramway and omnibus companies are simply bound to use steam or electricity, because they are cheaper and more economical than horses. It would, therefore, be madness for the Government to depend longer on their stables.

Farmers will not take to breeding horses for the Government, simply because they can do better elsewhere. Since the Shire Horse Society was started in 1878, the Clydesdale in 1877, and the Suffolk in the same year, the prices of pedigree horses of these breeds have gone up enormously, so that even for geldings the breeder may expect from £60 to £150, according to quality.

At his last sale the late Lord Wantage obtained an average of 89 guineas each for fifty-two geldings. In breeding cart-horses the farmer enjoys a further advantage beyond the prospect of good prices. He can work both the dams and young horses on his farm, while light horses would "eat their heads off." The War Office, too, gives about £40 for the horse required for

military purposes, and it may probably be considered a fair price, only under the circumstances it would be quite unjust to ask the farmer to work for it. In breeding Shires he has a much more congenial and remunerative task. It will therefore be necessary to look out for other sources whence to supply the Army with remounts.

LORD ROSEBERY'S STUD.

A RACE-HORSE'S life always has consisted, and in the nature of things always must consist, of the most vivid and startling alternations of light and shade. When he is fulfilling the purpose for which he was bred, for which he was trained, and for which, in fact, he was brought into being, life becomes for him confirmed. In the excitement of a race, in those few moments, or even seconds, during which he strives with his fellows for the mastery and the victory, he is strung up to the highest point; the utmost effort is demanded of him; all his energy, all his strength, all his being are necessary if he would achieve success. But when the race is either not imminent, or over, his paths lie in very pleasant places indeed; no care is spared to make his life comfortable; the best of everything is his, and human skill and human knowledge and human craft all combine to do their best for his welfare. And it must be confessed that they generally succeed, and that no animal, or for the matter of that no man, has a better time, to use a slang expression, than a thoroughbred horse, either when employed in racing or in the propagation of his species under certain arbitrary and clearly defined restrictions.

And at the Crafton Stud this tender care, this careful choice and selection of the best possible environment, this scrupulous exactitude which demands that the finest experts, and the finest experts only, shall attend to the welfare of the great horses which are

situated there, are carried to the highest pitch. Here the situation is almost ideal. Within four miles of Leighton Buzzard and

within three miles of Crafton, not too far from London to be inconvenient, and not too close to be disagreeable, in the middle of Buckinghamshire, which is at once the most restful and the most English of our home counties, where the air is pure without being too drastic and too sharp, and where the general impression is one of peace and general well-being, here, in this chosen spot, Ladas, Chelandy, Kermesse, Catriona, Serpentine, Ori-flamb, and many others, including that ancient warrior Foxhall, about whom we shall have more to say in another article, live out their lives and do their work under the capable supervision of James Griffiths, Lord Rosebery's stud groom, whose care is unremitting and whose knowledge of a horse is infinite. Sir Visto has lately gone to Mr. J. E. Platt's stud at Howbury, and Velasquez stands at the Durdans, Epsom. In articles of this sort, dealing with individual horses, the photographs speak to a great extent for themselves, and the seeing eye can discern excellencies for itself without having them pointed out by a writer. So that, "with your kind permission," to quote the words of the itinerant showman, I will not discuss hocks or shoulders, or any one integral part of any of the horses and mares of the Crafton Stud, but will rather deal with them in a semi-historical manner. And who can say that there is not ample material to be found?



W. A. Rouch.

LOOSE IN HIS Paddock

Copyright—"C.L."



W. A. Rouch.

LADAS.

Copyright—"C.L."

Ladas alone brings back to any racing man such a flood of recollections, such a number of clearly-defined pictures of the past, such a mass of interesting incidents, as would suffice him for an hour's meditation, or even more, without conscious effort. Was he not the red rag which the Puritan party chased with bull-like agility when he won the Derby, and in so doing gratified England's Prime Minister to the top of his bent? Is he not the sire of Epsom Lad, that "cheap horse," whose winnings for this season only amount to over £20,000, and of Cateran Lad, and others also? Does not his name stand at the top of the list of winning sires for this season, outstripping even the mighty St. Simon himself? And in the same manner as great men have their strange eccentricities, their prominent fads, and their personal methods, so do great horses possess idiosyncrasies peculiar to themselves. Ladas is a horse of a decided temperament, and of decided likes and dislikes; and he has decided in his own mind that he objects, and objects strongly, to being handled by anybody at all, with the possible exception of the man in the photograph, who would seem to have been "persuadin' him wid a stick," and the



W. A. Rouch.

SAILOR LAD.

Copyright—"C.L."

is incapable of expansion, they are doomed to lose the privileges which they threw away in perpetuity.

But space is limited, and we pass on to Velasquez. Judging from a casual glance at Velasquez, he would seem to be a small horse, in fact, almost cobby; but it is not so. He is short in the back certainly, which, as everybody knows, is no fault, but his cobby appearance results from the fact that both his shoulders and quarters are extremely good, and it is this which gives him such a sturdy, strong appearance.

That Velasquez was a good horse nobody can deny, and if they did deny it, the incontrovertible evidence of the Book would disprove their assertion; but, like other good horses, he had the misfortune to meet a "great" horse, and a great horse is a different thing from a horse which is only good.

What Isinglass was to Ravensbury, Galtee More was to Velasquez. If Velasquez had had the good fortune to have come out in a year when everything was mediocre, say in Merry Hampton's year, or when Sir Bevis won the Derby, he would have been numbered among the wearers of the

triple crown; but as it was, he was doomed to suffer defeat.

But owners with mares should remember that a Galtee More does not occur frequently, and that as a general rule



Rouch. CATRIONA, WITH CHESTNUT FILLY BY ST. FRUSQUIN. Copyright—"C.L."

advisability of rewarding the photographer of COUNTRY LIFE for his valour and intrepidity in daring to get to such close quarters is at present under consideration. But Fortune, as we know, has a commendable habit of bestowing her patronage upon those who bid highly for it, and our representative is whole and well. Another glance at the picture in which Ladas is standing alone will convince the reader that he has not been groomed recently; indeed, I believe no curry-comb or water brush has touched him for nearly two years. But let owners of mares have no fear; this playful eccentricity of aversion is only directed towards mankind, and there is no horse standing in the country who serves his mares with more complete success. The success of his stock is so obvious at the present moment that it is almost unnecessary to mention it, and there is much disappointment and annoyance among certain owners who held nominations to the sire of Epsom Lad a couple of seasons ago, but who, becoming discouraged by his apparent want of success, or unwilling to wait to see what time would bring, gave up their valuable monopoly. In vain do they petition now for their lost possession; other men, less impatient and more far-seeing than they, have taken their places, and since the list of a first-class stallion, unlike the British Empire,



W. A. Rouch.

SIR VISTO.

Copyright—"C.L."

a horse of the same class as Velasquez has a first-rate chance of winning the classic races.

The Mentmore Stud is not the only one which shelters two Derby winners, but, at the same time, the situation, if not unique, is sufficiently rare to merit attention, and the next horse which although like Velasquez not standing at Crafton, must nevertheless be included in any article purporting to deal with Lord Rosebery's stud, is Sir Visto.

It has been the fashion for some years to decry Sir Visto and to rank him among the Derby winners of the second or third class, and I do not think that even Lord Rosebery himself could claim for him that he was a "flyer."

But, as has been said with truth, a Derby winner must have some pretensions to excellence, and if excellence is relative, sterling merit, in this case, is undeniable. His fate as a sire lies "on the knees of the gods," and it is impossible to tell how his yearlings will turn out until they have been tried in the fire.

As readers can see from the list of the inhabitants of the Mentmore Stud which is printed herewith, the names of Velasquez, Sir Visto, and Ladas occur frequently, and when



W. A. Rouch.

ORIFLAMB.

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inspired, that James Griffiths has great hopes of this filly, and that he is apt to look upon her with an especially indulgent eye, though not more so perhaps than on the chestnut filly out of Catriona,

who claims for her sire the illustrious, but unfortunate, St. Frusquin, that great horse who can claim with perfect and unquestioned right that if he did not beat the Royal Persimmon he caused him no little anxiety and a considerable amount of trouble before he won the Derby of 1896 by a neck. Venturing still further into the realm of speculation, we come across the mare Gas, in foal to Cyllene, who was offered up an unwilling sacrifice to the crass stupidity of the Ascot authorities when he broke down on the granite course over which he ran so gallantly. The majority of the foals and the yearlings also are what may be described as home-grown, but when recourse has been had to outside sires, great care has been taken to choose the best and nothing, but the best would serve Lord Rosebery's purpose, as witness the names of Orme, St. Frusquin, Donovan, and Carbine. It is impossible that the forty-two animals



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CHELANDRY, WITH BAY FILLY BY SIR VISTO.

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the produce is not "home-grown," so to speak, names like Bend Or, Cyllene, and Isinglass are found, so that if the Mentmore Stud is not illustrious it will not be from flaws in their pedigree; it will not be from want of care; it cannot be ascribed to any known reason; and the only solution which will fit the case is Bad Luck, that mysterious factor against which even the best man cannot struggle, and for which even the most learned savant has never yet found a remedy. That its shadow may never fall is our wish.

Space does not unfortunately allow me to deal with each inhabitant of the stud in the same manner as I have been able to do with what may be called the Kings of the Harem, but the list which follows this article should by no means be overlooked, and perhaps rude and unkind people may be found who will say that in it lies the principal merit and essence of the contribution. First and foremost among the mares we find, and with the aid of the adjacent photograph we also see, Chelandry, with a bay filly by Sir Visto, and if she does anything like as well as either her sire or her dam, there will be cause for satisfaction in the paddocks of Crafton; and I believe, though this statement must not in any way be regarded as

which comprise the foals, fillies and yearlings of the stud can do great things, but while a certain proportion will remain unknown to fame, a few must become illustrious



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VELASQUEZ.

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wherever racing is pursued, and, drawing a line at an idle venture, I will take the Catriona St. Frusquin filly, and the prospective and yet unborn produce of the same mare to Ladas as likely to move the racing world.

BROOD MARES AND THEIR PRODUCE.

Allumeuse, 1890, with b. f. by Ladas, Feb. 22	... To Carbine, March 5.
Alizarine, 1895	... To Ladas, April 15.
Avilion, 1893, with br. f. by Ladas, Jan. 27	... To Velasquez, Feb. 28.
Appenine, 1896, with b. f. by Oriflamb, Feb. 15	... To Ladas, Feb. 24.
Aziola, 1895	... To Sir Visto, Feb. 19.
Bonny Jean, 1880	... To Oriflamb, May 10.
Carmela, 1897, with b. c. by Velasquez or Oriflamb, April 12	... To Ladas, April 21.
Catriona, 1892, with ch. f. by St. Frusquin, May 25	... To Ladas, June 3.
Craig Crook, 1891, with b. c. by Velasquez, Jan. 22	... To Ladas, Feb. 20.
Corposant, 1896	... To Sir Visto, March 30.
Corstorphine, 1888	... To Ladas, April 27.
Chelandry, 1894, with b. f. by Sir Visto, April 8	... To Isinglass, May 17.
Ebba, 1893, with b. c. by Sir Visto, Jan. 23	... To Galeazzo, June 19.
Floridiana, 1890, with b. c. (twin) by Ladas, Feb. 12	... To Ladas, March 14.
Gas, 1892	... To Cyllene, June 10.
Illuminata, 1877	... To Sir Visto, April 12.
Keroual, 1888, with b. c. by Velasquez, April 19	... To Velasquez, May 21.
Kermesse, 1879, with b. f. by Ladas, April 13	... To Velasquez, April 27.

Mauchline, 1895, with b. c. by Velasquez, Feb. 4	... To Velasquez, Feb. 16.
Orle, 1891, with b. or br. f. by Ladas, Feb. 3	... To St. Frusquin, Feb. 12.
Port Mahon, 1887, with b. c. by Sir Visto, Feb. 13	... To Oriflamb, Feb. 24.
Sister Lucy, 1890, with b. f. by Ladas, Jan. 16	... To Sir Visto and Velasquez, May 30.
Sea Breeze, 1885, with ch. c. by Velasquez, Jan. 27	... To Velasquez, May 12.
Serpentine, 1893, with b. or br. f. by Velasquez, April 4	... To Orme, April 13.
Tressure, 1890	... To Donovan, March 21.

YEARLINGS.

	Sire.	Dam.
Bay Filly, foaled March 4	... Oriflamb	... Port Mahon.
Bay Colt, foaled January 24	... Velasquez	... Ebba.
Bay Filly, foaled March 2	... Ladas	... Floridiana.
Brown Filly, foaled January 30	... Ladas	... Keroual.
Brown Colt, foaled January 14	... Velasquez	... Sister Lucy.
Bay Colt, foaled January 14	... Sir Visto	... Craig Crook.
Bay Filly, foaled January 29	... Sir Visto	... Aziola.
Bay Colt, foaled May 21	... Velasquez	... Corstorphine.
Chestnut Filly, foaled March 30	... Velasquez or Ayrshire	... Chelandry.
Bay or Brown Colt, foaled January 29	... Ladas	... Tressure.
Bay or Brown Filly, foaled February 2	... Ladas	... Orle.
Brown Filly, foaled May 2	... Velasquez	... Illuminata.
Bay Filly, foaled March 24	... Ladas	... Serpentine.
Bay Filly, foaled March 15	... Velasquez	... Gas.

FISHER-FOLK OF FRANCE.—II.

IT is interesting to see the division of labour between the sexes in our own fishing villages. The rule seems there to be that as the man has laboured, and laboured hard, on the sea, so he is to be rewarded with a perfect immunity from toil so soon as he has brought his boat to shore. As soon as the keel grates on the shingle, the women, who have been waiting since the first appearance of a home-coming sail on the horizon, run her up the beach—at least assist in that labour—and then set to work on the sorting, cleaning, and so on of the catch, to get it in order for sending to market. To them, in some parts of the country, though this rule is not universal, falls the work of getting the lines and nets to rights for the next fishing expedition, and putting all in order in the boat. Meanwhile the men, strolling up to their cottages, have kicked off their sea-boots and are lying asleep, sleeping off the fatigues of a long night's work at the nets or at the lines.

It is necessary, if the work is to be done as it is done, that there should be something like this division of labour. The men work very hard in the boats. It is a life of hard weather as well as hard work, and the peril is constant. In the nature of things it is impossible that they should work when they come to land as well as when they are at sea. The candle that burns at both ends soon goes to nothing. So it is no more than a fair division that the women should do the land work, which is within their power. Even the "howking lugs" for the lines, as they say in



M. Emil Frechon

IN SHALLOW WATER.

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Scotland, which means digging worms for bait, falls within their province, and for these stalwart ladies the work is not too severe. No doubt it happens that this useful maxim of all the land work being women's work and all the sea work men's work is liable to abuse, as are other generally good maxims. All rules have their exceptions. On a grievous hot day I have seen a fisherman and his wife returning with very bulky purchases from the market town to their village, a distance of some five miles of dusty road. The woman led the way, with the whole pack of their purchases piled on her back. The man carried nothing. As I looked, and, being a mere male, admired, I saw the fisherman take off his coat, at which my admiration lessened, for I said to myself, "Ah! he is going to carry the load for her." But I did the great man a gross injustice. Not at all; he took off his coat, and, finding it rather a heavy burden on his arm tossed it on top of the big bundle that his wife was carrying, and thus, in shirt sleeves, with hands buried in his pockets, he rolled along with a nautical gait, without a care in the world or a burden on his back, behind him his wife, who took all that came to her as a privilege. The admirable pair!

This, as I have said, is perhaps an instance of the useful maxim that the women should do all the work on land while the men do all the work at sea carried to an extreme that seems like an abuse of a good rule. With the actual catching of fish our British fishwives and fishgirls trouble themselves very little. Nevertheless, as is seen, they do their share of the work as a whole. The division of labour among the French fisher-folk is rather different and less distinct. The masculine and the feminine



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COUNTING HIS BAG.

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FISHER-FOLK OF FRANCE: IN DOUBLE HARNESS.

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COMPARING THE CATCH.

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provinces are not so strictly defined. The French women and girls more often take part in the actual catching of the fish, and, indeed, the business that these pictures portray is one that commonly is deemed the work of the women, the girls, or the boys, rather than that of the grown men. It is so again further down the French coast than the scene of these pictures. At Arcachon, on the famous oyster-beds, a great deal of the work of moving the young oysters and so on—the many details that the care of the oyster parks require—is done by the women, who there wear a peculiarly smart and showy tint of red knickerbockers, making the whole scene a very gay one. Here, in the north, colours are more sombre; but the incidents are picturesque. In these pictures the shrimpers are working IN SHALLOW WATER, which of course means that the labour of pushing the great net along is less severe than where deeper water offers more resistance. In the second picture of this series the girls have prudently sent the boy, for the moment engaged in COUNTING HIS BAG, into the heavier surf, while they remain in the shallows. But the surf of an incoming tide is not to be trusted. At one

moment, in one spot, you may be ankle deep, and the next moment, at the same spot, the tide may rush above the knee. It is full of caprices. Sometimes the women adopt the device of working IN DOUBLE HARNESS, so to speak, that is to say, each with a pole attached to a different part of the same net-beam. Of course, in this way it is possible to use a wider net, two pushing it with greater force than one; and perhaps two at work on the same net can do more work—that is, cover more ground or water, and catch more shrimps—than two working

with separate nets. Experience probably proves that it is so. But in any case it seems to me that generally they use this double net more in the estuary of a river, where the water runs more or less at a steady level and is less liable to fluctuation with the surge, than on the open beach, and can adapt itself to the changes more easily. You will see that these people with the double net are wearing a pair of thick worsted stockings or gaiters; but for the most part these fishers of the spring go bare-legged and



M. Emil Frechon.

JEALOUSY.

Copyright

bare-footed. There is not much chance of a chill. The shallow water comes in over the sand flats that have been baking in the sun, and the temperature is more than tepid all the time. It is indeed very good fun, with all the fun of paddling about it added to the fun of catching something. The occupation of the amateur shrimper is pleasant enough, as we all know, for whiling some hours away at the seaside. Of course what we do by way of profession and for the money making seldom amuses us as well as what we do to while away the idle hour—for pastime; but in no argument can it be said that this occupation of shrimping, hard though the work may be at times, is one for which these who engage in it are to be pitied. Certainly they do not ask your pity, either by word or by demeanour. They are a bright, healthy, contented people as you will wish to see, and exceedingly good-humoured. I think they have the advantage, in this respect, of our own fisher-folk.

The wrangle is very infrequent with them, the pleasant joke and laughter very common. Even the insidious business of *COMPARING THE CATCH* at the end of a morning's work is a business to be got through with laughter rather than rancour. After all, most of us would be a good deal more light-hearted and a good deal more pleasant company if we followed their out-of-door and in-the-water mode of life, instead of spending our time on office stools or at scribblers' desks. Perhaps Lombard Street makes more money, but the Normandy Coast makes better health, a brighter state of the liver, and a more wholesome way of viewing life in general. In this last picture I am not quite sure that the expression on the boy's face does not express something just a little short of equanimity as he regards his small partner showing her take to the elder woman; but then this is pardonable. *JEALOUSY* for the reputation, as a fisher, of his small friend is a motive that is admirable in the sterner sex, justifying stern looks.

IN THE WATER-MEADOWS.

As a rule, we do not credit the ruminant creatures with much power of expressing their emotions. Possibly their emotions are not many, nor acute, to be expressed. Generally these herbivorous things are phlegmatic, occupied with their pasture or the chewing of the cud, an operation that seems to us to favour the contemplative mood, as the poet speaks of "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," suggesting a bit of sorrel, or something with an ill flavour, finding its way into the cow's mouth.

But if it is, then, not easy nor frequent with the bovines to express vivid emotions, which, perhaps, they do not feel, on the other hand no kind of creature, once its emotion is aroused, expresses it more distinctly, nor with more accord. Sapient reflections these, which were suggested by a stroll with rod and camera in certain very pleasant water-meadows. They are pleasant places, these water-meadows, but a stroll along them is not altogether a lazy affair that demands no effort; for now and again you will come across deep "carriers," as they call them there—the ditches that drain or irrigate, as the case may be, all leading to and from the main river. For the crossing of these in any comfort at all it is essential that you should be clad in fishing waders, and on a hot summer's day fishing waders are not the most pleasant kind of wear on your "understandings." You feel like Hop-o'-my-Thumb in the seven-league boots, without any of the ability to go seven leagues in them. So all this, the rod, the waders, and the camera, worn by a strange man, are enough to move the cattle that ruminate in those water-meadows to a profound astonishment, expressed in manner most unmistakable by staring with all their eyes together at the amorphous being that



BOVINE SURPRISE.

approaches them. It is an attitude that gives the photographer his opportunity, and the expression of *BOVINE SURPRISE* is quickly recorded. The amaze and the dismay with which the herd stampedes, as the photographer splashes, like an amphibian, across the carrier, is both ludicrous and impressive.

So we come to the main river, and the camera is forgotten for a while in favour of the rod. It is a pretty and placid river, but rather too pikey to be healthy for the nobler trout. Still, there are a few trout, leading a precarious existence among these cannibals, and dace will rise to the fly, so the water is worth casting a fly over. But the best of the fun is to be found from these same pike, angling for them with a live-bait—a form of sport that seems cruel, but is capable of some logical defence on the lines that the death of a pike means life to many a dace; so that a dace sacrificed on the live-baiting hook is but one laying down his life, not cheerfully, for his nation. These carriers, that we have to splash through, are splendid places for the pikes' spawning. The cattle come up, pasturing, on the other side of the river as we are trying the live-bait. They have a lurid story here of an energetic caster with the free-running reel throwing with an unrestrained vehemence which took the hooked bait right across the water, and therewith hooked one of those astonished cattle firmly by the nose. She set off, bellowing deeply in her pain. The angler was not able to follow her, by reason of the depth of the river intervening, and the tackle, not made for fish of this calibre, parting, the fisherman was left lamenting his lost live-bait flight, and the cow, it is to be presumed, scarcely more pleased to have this adornment attached to her nose.

A little lower the river widens out into *BROAD SHALLOWS*, where the cattle like to take their *REST AND SHADE*, knee-deep in water,



BROAD SHALLOWS.



REST AND SHADE.

under the shadow of an old tree that has slipped its roots and hangs out over the water, a perpetual surprise to all beholders that it does not fall outright. The small dace are sporting and rising to fly in these shallows, but for the rest the water lies almost motionless, and it is a wonderful place for the study of reflections of cattle and trees and sky. But it is no place for the pike. They are to be sought not in the shallows, but in the holes where the water lies still and deep, and the small dace know that they are safe enough here.

Suddenly, from behind, comes a snort of apprehension that makes the intent fisherman start. The cattle, fascinated by the angler's strange aspect, have approached him along the bank of the carrier. One, a young steer, has actually had the audacity to cross the carrier, so as to come to the same side, and is STALKING THE ANGLER carefully. The snort heard was its expression of surprise at its own audacity. This, again, is a psychological moment to be recorded, and the rod has to be laid aside while the camera is called to work.

IN THE GARDEN.

FRINGED ANNUAL PINKS.

FEW groups of annual flowers of about 1ft. high are more delightful than that section of *Dianthus* called *lacinatus* because of the deeply-cut margin to the florets. We lately saw a mass of them in bloom in a Surrey garden, where the soil is warm and light, the kind of soil that suits Birch and Larch. The writer never cared for the Chinese Pinks until he saw the brave colouring of the best selected forms, and of course, as in other races, bad colours are sufficiently frequent to spoil the entire set unless rigorously excluded. Among the *Dianthus lacinatus* varieties occur warm crimsons, delicate rose, red, salmon, and white with dark centre, reminding one of the old back-centred garden perennial Pink which we so much desire to obtain. *Dianthus lacinatus* succeeds on warm sunny borders, and must be massed. A few tufts dotted about here and there give little indication of their beauty in colouring and in form when simply grouped; the flowers are so profuse as to almost hide the plant—a little bush, in truth, of blossom, with colours of great variety and purity. Always make certain of getting seed raised from the best strains or selections. This should be sown in gentle warmth in spring, and the seedlings transplanted and then put out in the places they are to beautify in the usual way with half-hardy annual flowers. The flowers of the pure white with dark centre are certainly useful for cutting, being like pretty perennial single kinds, but the more pronounced colours are probably not so important for this purpose.

GOOD AND BAD HOLLYHOCKS FOR THE GARDEN.

Our gardens gain much in interest and beauty when flowers are selected with a view to general effect. An exhibition Hollyhock is usually poor in the

garden, though its symmetry and colour may be admired in a tent. It is precisely that symmetry and puffiness that destroys its value for the border or its use among evergreen shrubs. Pink Beauty is a beautiful type of a good garden Hollyhock. We saw it in Miss Jekyll's garden at Munstead, and believe it was raised there. Of this, however, we are not certain; but, whoever raised it, has given to the world a lovely flower, pure pink in colour, without a trace of harshness or carmine, and with broad guard florets forming a beautiful background to the loose cushion-like centre. It was placed here and there in a spot where silvery-leaved plants were massed—Lavender, and so forth, and the picture of this association of pink and grey appealed to one for its simple and picturesque beauty. It is just these effects that make the English garden homely and restful. This reminds us that the Hollyhock would gain in importance as a garden flower if it were relieved of kinds bad in colour and ugly in shape. We wish some amateur or nurseryman now that the plant has recovered from the disease, would take it in hand, and get a good set of colours with Pink Beauty as the type. Here we have a faultless pink, and of course crimson, clear white, yellow, and other self and good shades are also essential. There are too many dingy crimsons and purples, as in the Rose and many other flower families. No race of flowers can be pure and wholesome-looking when many bad purples and magentas prevail; they seem to permeate the whole tribe.

AFRICAN MARIGOLDS.

These noble flowers are welcome in August and September, when the border seems to need colour; but this year the long-continued drought has upset calculations. In many places they are even now past their best, which is unfortunate at a time when the big ball-like flower-heads are more necessary than usual. We like to put big masses of them in the border, and care for them even in beds by themselves in the turf. In this way they are used in the Royal Gardens, Kew, with happy results. Much has been done of late years by way of improving the various families of annual flowers, and these Marigolds have not been forgotten. We have seen excellent strains, big orange flowers on stout stems, and the same in lemon colouring. We think the tall African Marigold a hundred times a more useful garden flower than the dwarf French kind. It is satisfactory when a foot high, but little 6in. tufts are neither pretty nor interesting.

TUB GARDENING.

This is quite an old way of introducing colour to terrace walks and courtyards. The orange was, and should be at the present time, the great tub plant. There is beauty in its simple foliage of light green and sweet-smelling flowers, and the orangery, now an almost-forgotten phase of old English gardening, was by no means the hideous, useless erection some garden writers affirm. There is reason in all things, but it is the fashion of more than one authority to cry aloud against certain present introductions because they savour of past evils. The evil was generally the too-exalted place given to certain things, and it is as foolish to declare the Geranium a flower of no account because of its one-time presence in carpet bedding, as to banish the Orange because sheltered during the winter in an ugly corridor-like erection. It is the right use of garden plants that is necessary. The Orange tree is not the only big tub plant, and the number of things that may be used in this way becomes greater as experiments are made with plants likely to succeed in this form. It is a matter of training, and con-



STALKING THE ANGLER.

venience for shelter during winter, as the majority of tub plants are tender. We desire plants in tubs to be as unlike as possible those in beds or borders, and there are many opportunities of fulfilling this wish. The Cape Pelargoniums or scented-leaved Geraniums, the Pomegranate, *Swainsonia galegifolia*, *Habrothamnus*, the blue *Plumbago capensis*, Myrtle, *Agapanthus umbellatus* and its varieties, except *mooreanus*, which is too small, *Fuchsias*, crimson Henry Jacoby Geranium, and *Erythrinum Crista-galli*, to mention only a few of the interesting kinds that may be grown in tubs. In the Southern counties of England the plants named, with few exceptions, will live in the open the whole year, but in the Midlands and the North protection from frost is necessary. Many a terrace may be formed into a garden with the desirable use of tub plants; and they may be long kept in the tubs with yearly top dressing without wholesale disturbance of the roots.

A SEPTEMBER-FLOWERING SHRUB.

This is *Hibiscus syriacus*. It is to be seen at this time in many parks and gardens, and known easily by dull purple flowers with deeper centres. Of all trees, whether of spring, summer, or autumn, we think this is the most objectionable in its flower colouring; but fortunately it has several beautiful varieties, which should be planted in preference to the type. One of these, and perhaps the most charming of all, is *totus albus*. Its flowers are double, though not objectionably so, of purest white, and produced with great freedom. Another

favourite of the writer's is Celeste, a very soft blue shade; but there are several named kinds of m.rit. This Hibiscus is popularly known as the Syrian Mallow; it is about 8ft. high, as a rule, and grows freely anywhere, but is best seen standing out as a bush, and not crowded with other things in a common shrubbery, generally a receptacle for a hundred things crushed together without reason. It will be found in some catalogues under the name of *Althæa frutex*.

OLD FRUITS UNDER NEW NAMES.

It does not often happen, fortunately, that old things receive certificates of merit because of their novelty. This happened, however, in the case of a Gooseberry, described as new in COUNTRY LIFE recently; but it has been discovered since that it is nothing more than the old Gunner. This so-called novelty was named Cobham. We mention this to stop readers purchasing any variety under that title. We do not doubt in the least that the exhibitor who sent the fruit to the fruit committee of the Royal Horticultural Society did so under the impression that it was quite different from any existing kind. The fruit committee did not at first recognise the Gooseberry as Gunner, and gave their award of merit to it under the name of Cobham. They have since discovered their mistake.

OLEARIA HAASTI.

This is a valuable late summer flowering shrub, and seems to succeed almost anywhere, in town or in country, in light soil and in heavy soil, an accommodating and handsome evergreen, much written about, but none too often seen. "A" sends the following note about it, and we are pleased to draw attention to so good a shrub:

"Shrubs which flower in the end of July and the beginning of August are not over-plentiful, and there must be many who would appreciate one of the character of *Olearia Haasti* could they but make its acquaintance and see its cymes of white flowers and its rather shiny foliage, which is white beneath. It has proved quite hardy with me on a dry, sunny rockery for a good many years, and has not suffered in the least in winters where the allied *O. stellulata* has been badly cut. In a favourable situation it will soon form a large bush. It has a number of branches, each bearing many white blooms. For beauty I should place it next *O. stellulata* among the genus, and for combined hardness and beauty it ought, perhaps, to have the leading position. *Olearia Haasti* is very easily grown from cuttings, which can be struck in a frame at almost any time. For this purpose I prefer cuttings taken off with a heel. The evergreen foliage of this New Zealand shrub is a feature which makes it of additional value."

NOTES ON VARIOUS PLANTS.

Phlox Coquelicot.—No Phlox is so fine as this. It is conspicuous even in a large massing of Phloxes, such as we see in the Royal Gardens at Kew. Its flowers are salmon touched with scarlet, and produced on a bold truss, while the growth is reasonably tall and free. We are not much in love with Phloxes about 1ft. high; they are too squat and stiff.

A Note about Hampton Court Palace borders.—A garden enthusiast sends the following note about the borders at Hampton Court, which are certainly very beautiful, but the great width of the path dwarfs the borders somewhat. We should like to see the border about double its present width. Our correspondent's note is as follows: "I have seldom seen anything better in the way of

an herbaceous border than the big border at Hampton Court, especially the half from the palace to the river. There are some remarkably fine Phloxes. The following are very good—John Forbes, Bossent, Franklein, Auguste Riviere, Thomas Easton, Etna, and Guignot. Easton is a lovely white, Auguste Riviere rich pink, John Forbes still richer in colour, Guignot a very pale lavender, and Etna a brilliant crimson. There was also a rather pretty plant, *Mirabilis jalapa*, a yellow flower with a leaf something like that of the orange tree, only not so thick, but it has a good gloss on it, and is rather more pointed. It looked well." The Phloxes mentioned are all good, especially the white, lavender, and crimson. Guignot is not familiar to us, but we saw the plant at Hampton Court, and thought it one of the best of its colour we have seen. *Mirabilis jalapa* is the famous old Marvel of Peru, a quaint border plant.

Rose Mrs. Kumsy.—This is a hybrid perpetual, and keeps flowering until the autumn. The writer has a large bush of it, and since the early summer the pure rose, perfectly double, and handsome flowers have appeared with more or less freedom. Its colour is so good and pure a rose, and does not fade to purple or magenta.

A Selection of Lilacs.—The following list of Lilacs has been compiled by one who thoroughly understands trees and shrubs, and as the planting season is approaching the names of the best may be useful. A selection of a dozen single sorts would include the following, placed in order of merit: Whites—Marie Le Gray,* *Alba grandiflora*.* Blue or bluish—*Cerulea* or *Delphine*, *Duchesse de Nemours*, *Lindleyana* or Dr. Lindley. Reds or purple-reds—*Souvenir de L. Spath*,* *Philemon*, *Rubra insignis*, *Mme. Kreuter*, *Camille de Rohan*, *Ville de Troyes*. Pinks—*Lovanensis*, *Sc. neelavine*. This selection comprises the finest sorts, having the largest flower clusters in their respective colours, and is representative of the whole of the sorts. Of the double-flowered sorts there has of recent years been a great number sent from French nurseries, and only a few of the oldest sorts have developed into large specimens, and therefore one cannot judge of their merits, as in the case of the single sorts. So far, the best varieties include the following dozen sorts: Lavender and blue—*Leon Simon*,* *Renoncule*, *Alphonse Lavallée* (pale blue). Pinks—*President Carnot*, *M. de Dombasle*. Whites—*Mme. Abel Chateau** (the finest), *Mme. Lemoine*, *Cassimir fils*. Reds—*President Grévy**, *Senateur Volland*, *Comte H. de Choiseul*, *Maxime Cornu*. We have put an asterisk (*) against the most beautiful and generally planted.

TAMARISK FOR CUTTING.

"E." writes: "In a border chiefly planted with specimen trees and shrubs of large growth we have several thin, indispensable for cutting on a large scale, such as *Gypsophila*, *Sea Lavender*, *Montbretias*, and the like, and among them the well-known seaside plant (*Tamarisk gallica*) finds a place. It is very useful for large vases, especially in connection with hardy flowers like Phloxes. Very long slender sprays are obtained by taking out all weakly growths at pruning time, and heading back strong shoots to two or three eyes."

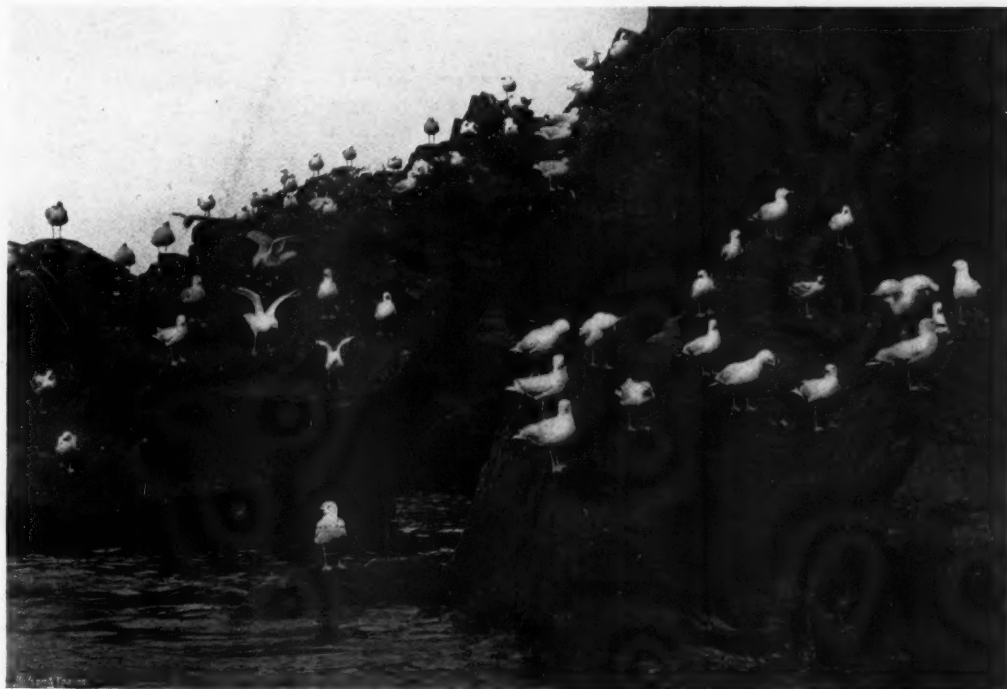
RANUNCULUS LINGUA.

Mr. V. N. Gauntlett, Redruth, writes: "In reference to the note in COUNTRY LIFE about *R. Lingua* not being offered in trade catalogues, we would draw your attention to the fact that we offer it."

SEA-BIRDS, USEFUL OR ORNAMENTAL.

AT this holiday season the sea-fowl of our coasts necessarily attract much attention, and those more particularly who visit the wild Cornish foreshore never tire of watching the shags and cormorants sunning themselves on sea-girt islets, the gulls paddling in the harbours or screaming round the fishing fleet, and the smaller razor-bills and shearwaters squabbling on narrow ledges, where earlier they guarded their single precious egg. For once, Nature has checked the reproductive instincts of these somewhat mischievous fowl, and it is refreshing to the philosopher, after groaning over the fertility of the noxious sharks as contrasted with the slow reproduction of the valuable whale and elephant, to find the egg-clutch limited in the gulls and shags to three, while the razor-bills and puffins lay but one. I fear that the verdict of a less sentimental generation than the present will, at any rate on the score of mere usefulness, be against the sea-birds. Of their decorative value in a sea view there can be little doubt, for the Land's End rocks would not be the same without their basking cormorants and preening gulls, and inshore yachting would lose much of its interest without the score of birds, from the plunging gannets to the darting petrel, that from time to time redeem the blue monotony of sea and sky. Yet I fear that the gulls and cor-

morants can scarcely be said to multiply in the best interests of the fishermen, their only competitors in the human race. The cormorants, indeed, like the razor-bills and guillemots and gannets—I ignore for the moment all orthodox classification, since, for present purposes, sea-birds are sea-birds, all the grim pronouncements of the B. O. U. notwithstanding—may be declared without the pale before trial, for their depredations are notorious, and they



J. E. Douglas.

CONVOCATION.

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feed on little else than fishes. The gulls, it is true, might with advantage brief some eloquent counsel, for their services are not wholly negligible. Thus, against their undoubted consumption of immature sea-fish by the ton, we must in fairness set off their scavenging in tidal harbours (where, by the way, the local authorities cannot in every case be pronounced independent of such unpaid co-operation), and something may also be allowed for the evidence afforded by their activity of the whereabouts of shoaling fish. The amateur and professional fishermen owe similar thanks to these untiring fishers of the sea, and they show me day after day where my bass await me, just as they show the netsmen where the mackerel are driving silvery brit within reach of their deft bills. I am therefore inclined, with some reservation, to question the desirability, advocated in a most interesting posthumous article by the late Matthias Dunn (*Contemporary Review* for July, 1901), of waging a war of extermination on these beautiful and interesting birds. Had he confined his remarks to those robbers of fish, the shag and cormorant, there would have been less occasion to dispute the wisdom of his recommendations, and in any case one must exercise the greatest caution in differing from a man who, like he, passed his whole life at the edge of the sea, there noting the life-history of birds and fishes with a discrimination that is rare indeed nowadays. One great danger, I fancy, of promulgating a campaign against the gulls lies in the modern multiplication of what may be termed the week-end gunner, the man who hires a gun and a few cartridges, omits even to take out a gun licence, and amuses himself by potting at half-tame gulls in harbours. Quite apart from the cruelty of such recreation, which is of course augmented by the extremely indifferent shooting of such festive desperadoes, the increase in their numbers, once the shooting of gulls is pronounced a public service, would be so alarming that frequent accidents would inevitably result. Now, the cormorant and shag do not, as a rule, congregate in harbours and river estuaries, or elsewhere in the immediate vicinity of our dwellings, but are, on the contrary, found more or less scattered on the open sea. There let our tourists by all means blaze away with their twelve-bores. It will benefit trade, and they will not, in the majority of cases, damage the shags or anything else. And every shag killed is, without much doubt, one enemy of the fishermen the less. Owing to the careless employment of the shorter name for both species by the fishermen along the coast, many people seem to have difficulty in distinguishing between the shag and cormorant, but in truth they are, seen side by side, very different birds. The cormorant, the larger of the two, has metallic black plumage, and there are conspicuous patches of white on the

neck and thighs. The shag, the commoner and smaller species (commoner, at any rate, on the South Coast), is decidedly green in hue, and I have often noticed that it makes more fuss than its larger cousin when diving after fry. The cormorant seems to turn over and disappear below the surface with very little splash, whereas the shag takes more of a header. Bold indeed are those

self-sacrificing gentlemen who devote their lives to the classification of birds, for there can be few feathered creatures more unlike than the black cormorant and the beautiful white gannet. Yet these, we are assured, are very closely allied. The thought of it makes the field naturalist want to rebel, as Mr. Harting has recently done against the complete separation of the swallows and swifts. Touching which authority, it struck me on reading the introduction to his handbook of birds, that he cannot have spent much time in observing the flight of our sea-birds. As an enthusiastic falconer, he had some right to place the birds of prey at the head of the list, on the ground of their wonderful powers on the wing; but, unless size is to go for everything, I do not know that the flight of the eagle over mountain tops is much more wonderful than that of the petrel skimming the curling crests of the rollers and never once misjudging its wing-strokes.

With the exception of the gulls, which, often to their own ruin, are invariably trustful where man is concerned, most of our sea-fowl are shy. The only way of approaching them sufficiently close to take satisfactory photographs, save when they have an egg to protect or are yet too young to leave the nest, is in a sailing boat. They take your party for some of the fishermen, who never molest them, and the camera may be used under cover of the lugger's wing. The young may, of course, be photographed on the nest, in the manner so successfully illustrated in Mr. Gibson's picture, and he has also succeeded in getting a group of razor-bills in characteristic attitudes. Some doubt having been cast on the genuineness of these portraits from the life, Mr. Gibson quaintly remarked that, when trying to photograph them he found them very much alive, and indeed they have bills worthy of their name.

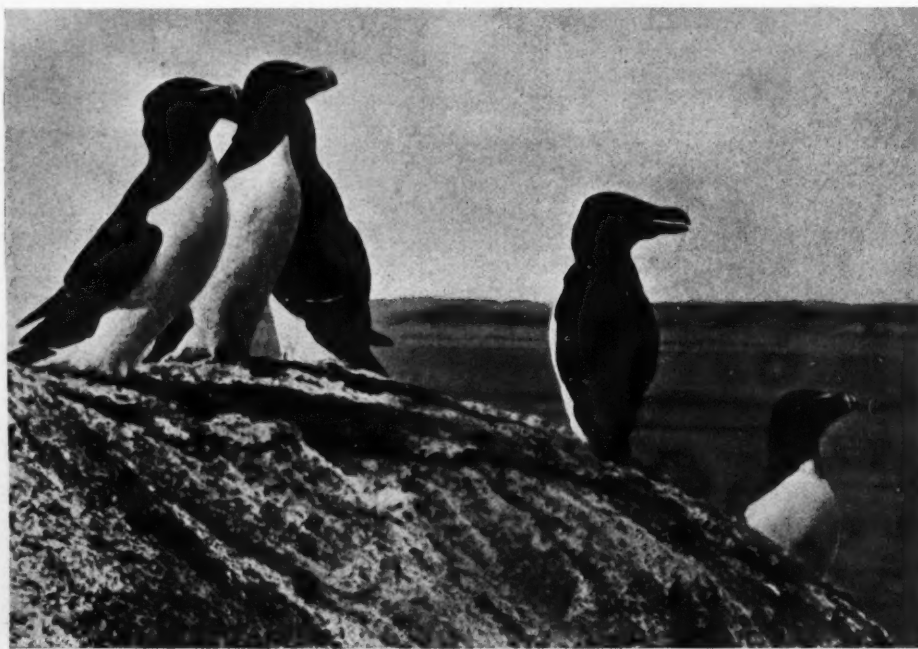
There is a good deal of socialism among the gulls and cormorants, though I have not noticed much tendency to live in colonies among the smaller sea-fowl, which one more commonly encounters in pairs. The gulls, however, have regular societies; of that I am quite sure. When, for instance, you throw a piece of fish to a solitary gull in a corner of some Cornish harbour, the bird will, as a rule, open its beak and utter a raucous call, whereon a number of others immediately gather round. Regard for the truth, rather than for that gull's morals, compels me to add that long before the



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SEA-BIRDS.

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CORMORANTS IN NEST.

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second bird is on the spot the piece of fish is well on its way down the gullet of the first. Well, first come, first served is accounted good law with higher animals than gulls.

As another proof of some sort of social law and order among these birds, and one that I noticed for the first time this summer, let me cite the case of the Teign gulls, the birds to which I am always indebted for some sign of the whereabouts of bass ascending the river. These gulls foregather at low water on the muddy cockle-beds in mid-stream, and there await the coming of shoals of bass that drive the brit and sand-eels before them.

Presently the first shoal will come along; the surface of the water is ripped and broken by the leaping, frantic brit; and a portion of the gulls, a portion only of the entire regiment, may then be seen to quit the bank and hover over the river, taking toll of such little fish as come within their reach. These satisfy their appetite on such brit as are driven up by that first shoal of bass; then they either return to the bank or follow the fish right up the river towards Newton. By and by a second shoal of bass comes along, harassing the small fry as before, and now a second contingent of birds leaves the sand flats and hawks after the fishes as before. I have seen this repeated until every gull on that bank has had its turn after the fry. It would be idle to deny that this law and order is interrupted by frequent bickerings, for birds, like some other animals, often like to quarrel for the love of quarrelling. On the whole, however, the *chasse* appears to be ordered with almost as much formality as in the old-time sporting Courts.

Most people know that some sea-birds take their food on the top of the water, while others dive and pursue small fish some way below the surface. The distinction is, however, drawn a little too sharply as regards the gulls, which are commonly described as unable to dive beneath the surface. As a general rule, it is true, gulls paddle on the water and pick up such floating food as comes their way. Also they are so bold down in Cornwall as to come aboard the pilchard boats in flocks and rob the fish from the very nets. It is simply wonderful how, at nine or ten some warm August evening, when through the pitch darkness comes the creaking of the ropes as the drift-nets are being hauled aboard the fleet, the white gulls gather with shrill cries, tumbling into mid-air from the ledges on which they took an hour's sleep while men were catching their supper for them, and deftly pick up every pilchard that floats loose from the incoming nets.

Another feeding ground of the gulls, particularly in hard weather, is found in the upturned fields, often miles from the sea, and there the birds prey on mice and wireworms, both deadly foes of the farmer. This, by the way, might in fairness be set down to their credit when on trial. It is not,

however, generally realised that gulls are able to plunge below the surface, yet this may easily be tested by anyone who will devote a fish or two to the experiment. I have induced gulls to immerse themselves completely in this way, though whether this comes under the head of diving, such as practised by the guillemots and cormorants, or whether we must draw some such distinction as we do in our own swimming exercises, between diving and jumping in feet first, everyone must decide for himself.

It is rather the gull's power of snatching food under water, and not his diving ability, that I wanted to establish, and indeed whether the bird would ever exercise its submarine talents, save under such artificial conditions, whether, that is to say, it would ever deliberately pursue small fishes under water, is at the least extremely doubtful.

I have kept these notes for the most part to the more familiar groups of sea-fowl, illustrated by Mr. Douglas in his beautiful study of gulls, and by Messrs. Gibson's interesting pictures of cormorants and razor-bills. The gannets are a study in themselves, with their graceful evolutions and quick plunge after the sardines; and the swallow-like terns, the robber skuas, and swift puffins might also have been interviewed, had the camera caught their presentment. Under other skies, too, the patient albatrosses and mollymauks, keeping company with the ship for days together, and the beautiful tropic birds whistling almost out of sight overhead, do much to relieve the monotony of life on board; but for purposes of enquiring into the usefulness or otherwise of Neptune's birds, it seemed desirable to confine our attention to those of our own coasts.

At best, even with all the evidence carefully collated, one's judgment will always be coloured with sentiment, and it is perhaps better so. The fishermen grumble freely of the greediness of shags and cormorants, yet you will never see them raise a gun against the birds; and even while Matthias Dunn was thinking out his thoughtful articles in the *Contemporary*, advocating, among other remedial measures, a suppression of the gulls, I have stood beside him on the quays at Mevagissey, the little town where he studied to such good purpose, and watched him feed these same offending birds by the hour. There is something in the birds, their beauty or their helplessness, that seems to disarm the coldest judgment. There are other robbers of the fishing grounds, but neither porpoise nor shark come in for any of the sympathy so freely accorded to the gulls. Yet these have as much right to live.

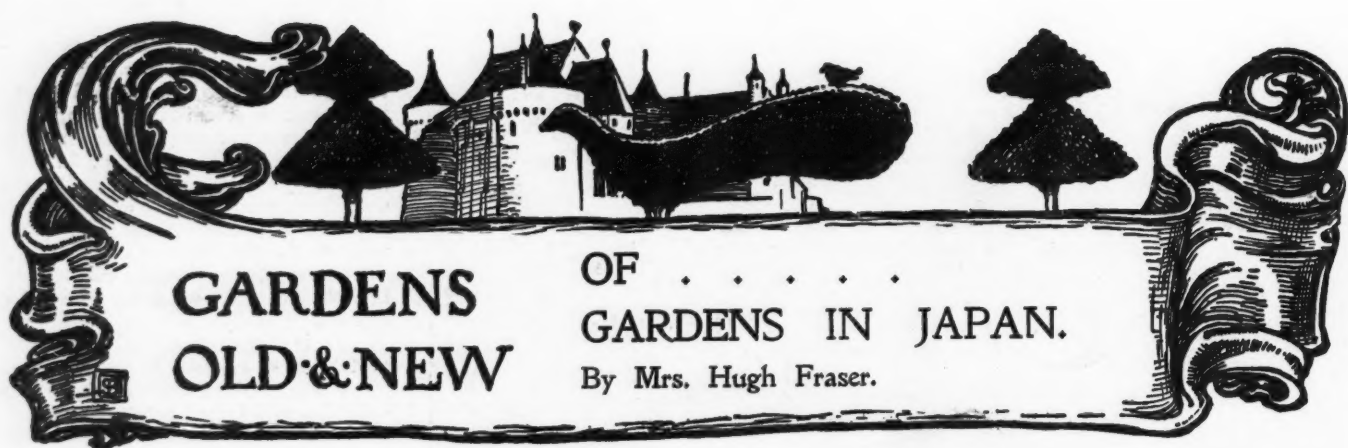
F. G. AFLALO.



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NEST WITH YOUNG CORMORANTS.

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BACON tells us that "God Almighty first planted a garden . . . and indeed it is the purest of all human pleasures." And he follows up this goodly opening by giving a prescription for a garden which was, apparently, to fulfil his ideal of Eden. Not less than thirty acres must be its measurement, and the lordly domain, divided geometrically into so many alleys, so many terraces, so many plots, was to be decorated with much "carpenter's work," with "broad plates of round coloured glass, gilt, for the sun to play upon," with "pyramids of green," and "over every arch a little turret with a belly, enough to receive a cage of birds."

While the courtly philosopher of the West was rejoicing in his dream of costly ugliness, the gardeners of the East had laid down one maxim for their own guidance—the garden must be its owner's world. Here is his bit of beauty's kingdom, whose every stone and shrub and rill must set him dreaming of the mountain and the forest and the sea; here, between the single pine on the lakelet's edge and the maple beside the "moonshade stone" on the hillock's top lies a world of delicate suggestion, fancy's playground, an empire of romance.

The Japanese, who seems somewhat callous to publicity in

the more prosaic matters of life, is jealous of the privacy of his garden. It is the place for rest of mind as well as rest of body; here he meditates, looks forward to his peaceful age, or back on the days of his youth. Here he effaces his own personality to rejoice in an opening bud, or mourn over some short-lived loveliness. All the associations of the garden must be friendly, either calm or inspiring, according to the owner's age and character. In the house many concessions may be made to the claims of material life; in the garden, thought is all; and when the Japanese thinks for beauty's sake, the result is an unerring sense of proportion in art, which constrains him to reject the most beautiful things if they are superfluous to the decoration of his home or foreign to its character.

One of the most fatiguing experiences of my life was a visit to the magnificent gardens of poor Don José Vergara, the Chilean millionaire, at Viña del Mar, near Valparaiso. The masses of flowers and shrubs from every climate under the sun, blooming in monstrous luxuriance under their *régime* of chemical foods and artificial conditions, filled me with the pity I should have felt on beholding the army of fine foreign slaves that waited on a Roman emperor. Although I saw hundreds of gardens in Japan, from the magnificent grounds of the Imperial palaces to the tiny



A GARDEN AT FUKAGAWA.



GARDENS IN JAPAN: A VIEW IN PRINCE HORITA'S GARDEN.



A WISTARIA ARBOUR.

enclosure of the mountain tea-house, I never experienced that fatigue of eye and mind which is caused by incongruity. All was so harmonious as to appear possible; the perfection of Art precluded the idea of artificiality; and Art seemed only Nature in her most poetical, grand, or sprightly mood.

The character or leading idea of the garden is the first thing to be considered by the landscape gardener in Japan. Here in Europe such a man would be much puzzled at receiving orders to lay out your pleasure so as to express gentleness, fidelity, hope, dignified seclusion, or self-abnegation. There is a garden attached to an abbot's palace in Tokuwamomiji where the theme carried out is named "The Power of Divine Truth." To say that even in the hands of an expert these fundamental and complicated ideas could be made comprehensible to all classes of men in Japan would be untrue; they rely in great measure on national tradition, on historical, religious, and poetical associations; but the cultivated Japanese reads them easily, and would as sharply criticise any incongruity as he would condemn any tendency to display. The avoidance of these two capital faults may be learnt by a little study of the Japanese methods. Their theory is based on Nature's own rules for her pictures; she does not give us flowers from twenty climates blooming together on

an acre of ground; she does not plant the lotus under the waterfall, or the rice lily on the arid hill; she leads us from grace to grace by kind degrees, and her beauties console, delight, but never tire us, because the secret of all perfection lies in gradation and harmony.

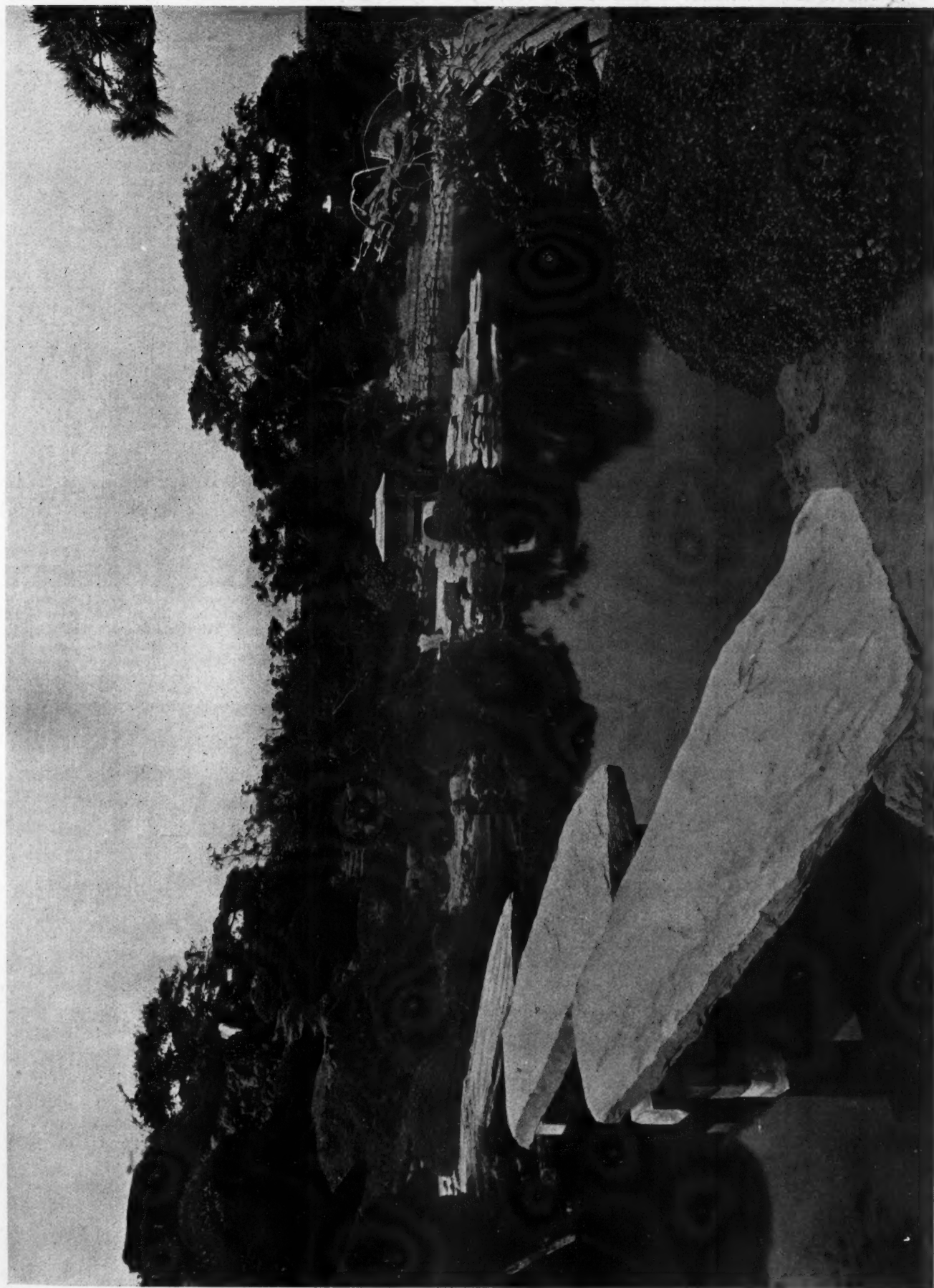
In the planning of a garden the Japanese considers three points at starting—natural formation (under this head comes in the following order of importance, background, foreground, and middle ground), stones, and water. Let us take them in their order. In the illustrations of Prince Horita's garden in Tokyo, the soft rolling ground which surrounded a piece of water has given the suggestion of a mountain lake with its encircling hills, bold rocks, and fairy beaches fringed with pine and moss. On the hillsides are thick groves, shady resting-places, the green mystery of mountain paths coming out into the open, and then losing themselves in woods—like the beautiful road from Karuizawa to Kirizume.

Then, as the lower spurs of the mimic range stretch down towards the lake, we are given the sense of space by wide shelving rocks, sloping down to the water in broad flat steps. In the coves the carefully chosen pebbles reproduce all the gradations of the beach, from the bright wet sand at the ripple's edge to the heavy round stones where the grass fringe stops. As on the mountain lake, the first work of human hands near the water is the lantern of greystone—sacred to the memory of a departed soul—under the shadow of a tree, the "Enkomatsu," or far-reaching pine, whose arm has stretched so far over the shore that a supporting pole has been planted in the water to hold it up—artificial. A mere conceit! No, there are many spots in Japan, notably one just below Kamakura, where the wild pines stretch out thus madly to the sea, crossing a wide strip of intervening strand by throwing all their strength into one or two long arms—to the stunting of all the rest.

This is but a tiny lake in the Horita garden, and easily could we walk round from one point to another; all the more reason in the gardener's eyes for placing bridges over creek or inlet to increase the impression of size, and lead us to spots which he would have us



AZALEA (TSUTSUJI).



GARDENS IN JAPAN GARDEN WITH LAKE AND STONE BRIDGE.

believe inaccessible in any other way. Where the bridge in the foreground touches the land, the handling of the rocks is very bold, and the largest stones have been collected in order to give an appearance of precipitous grandeur. Why? To make us shiver a little as we cross the unbarriered span at the dangerous depth of the water below us! We are caught in a web of imagination and suggestion of reminiscence—of fear or hope—and we had better let ourselves go to its charm. If the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing, make them the apprentices of imagination and memory; for these there is no time nor limitation, and they shall outlast the external beauty which gave them birth. This is the unspoken maxim of Nature's servant in Japan when she sends him on his gardening tasks.

Sheets of water, small or large, constitute a feature of every garden where wealth gives the power to place them. If it be impossible to have a lake, then a tiny pond, or a rivulet, making a fall of spray, will keep the place cool and refresh the eye. So necessary, in a Japanese gardener's opinion, is the sense of space created by water that, where it cannot be had, he reminds you of it by making, at the foot of your hill perhaps, a little depression where water can lie, and filling it with small white stones that catch the light and wear an illusory gleam, like the surface of a pond. Along the edges he piles larger stones, high and rough on one side, and gently shelving on the opposite bank; then a young pine near the stones will speak of the *hama matsu*, the pine of the sea. Such a device has been resorted to in this private garden at Yokohama, and the illusion is carried still further by the meandering stream which comes to feed the pond, intersecting the footpath of broad stones, so that a still broader flag must be laid across it as a bridge.

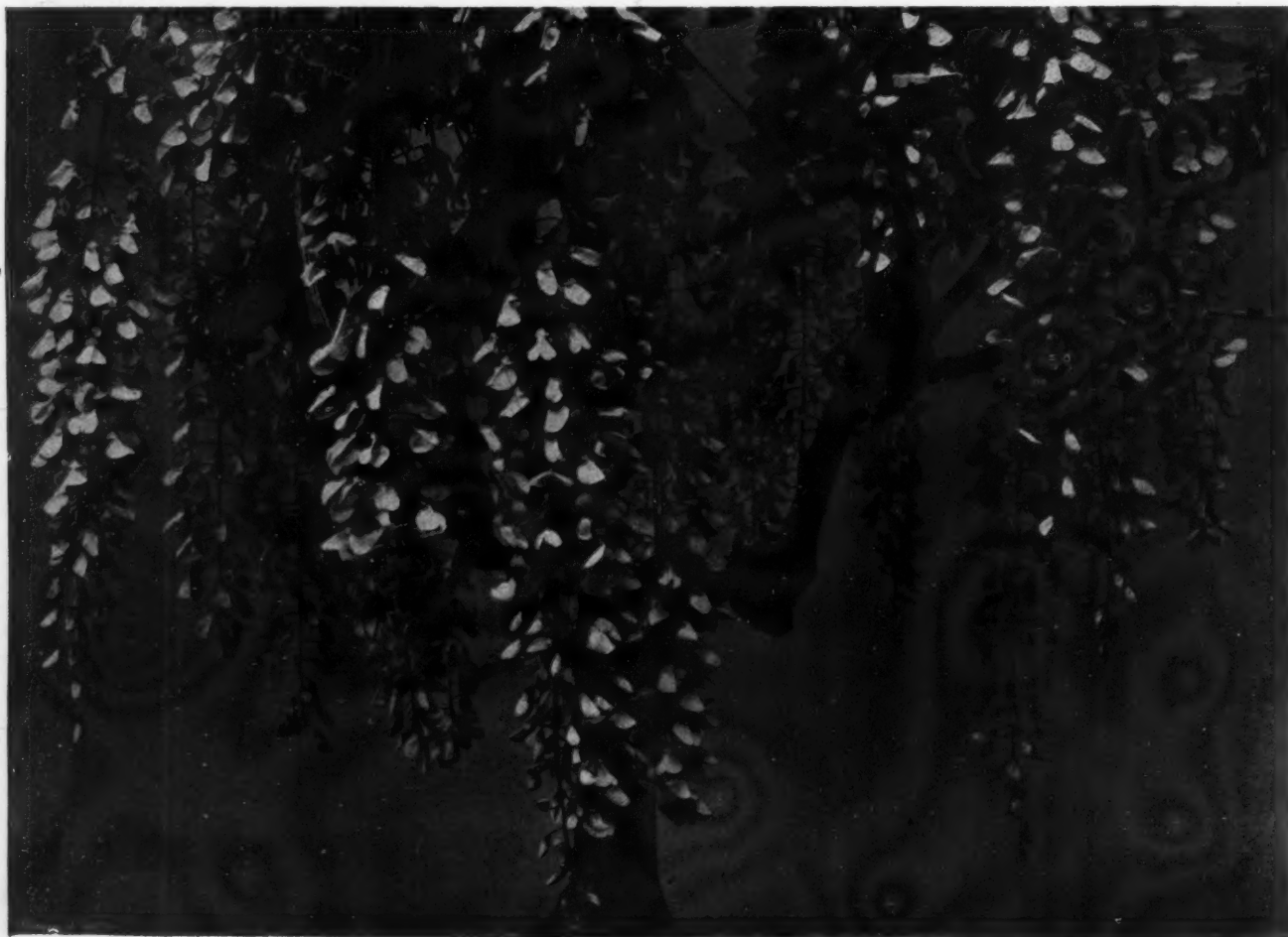
I do not think such conceits can be called childish if they serve the end for which they are introduced, namely, to break



AZALEA (TSUTSUJI) AND MAPLE (MORNIJI).

the monotony of sward or soil, to give the values of space, and to lead the memory to rippling shallows of remembered streams. In one garden where there were only the stepping-stones to wind streamlike across the grass, I remember watching the rain sheeting them with moisture and slipping from one to another, till the rivulet they copied seemed to be flowing before my eyes.

These flat stones are of great importance in a Japanese garden. They traverse the grass without cutting it, and, where laid in the ungrassed soil, make a good contrast to its deep brown, and give an impression of care. In large gardens their course will probably lead you to the most admired point of view or the finest group of shrubs. At the foot of a hill they will break into rocky steps, bordered on either side by hardy plants such as love the mountains. When the summit is reached, the



WISTARIA BLOSSOMS.



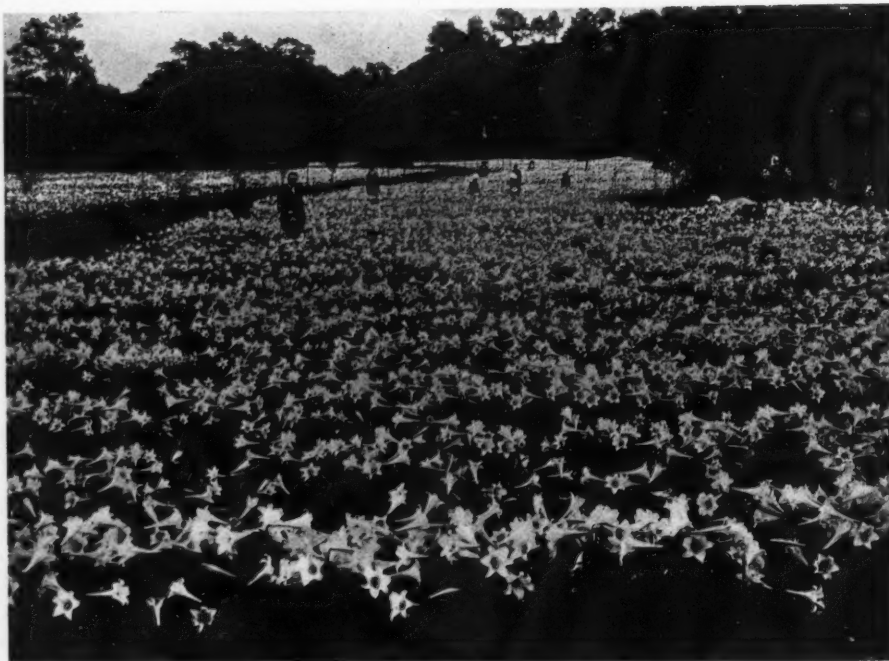
A FIELD OF IRIS.



GARDENS IN JAPAN: A PRIVATE GARDEN AT YOKOHAMA.

guiding flags again appear, to bring you to the tiny rest-house or the sacred pine. In many Japanese gardens no turf is used, and the open spaces are covered with a fine beaten earth, kept cool and dark by constant sprinkling. In the periodical deluges of rain which visit Japan, the stepping-stones are useful in the extreme. They are sometimes placed in sequences of threes or fives, then broken by an islet of small stones laid close together. Beginning as a rule near the house, and starting from the broad slab just below the verandah step (called the "removing-of-boots stone"), they curve away to the different parts of the garden, their course and sequence apparently the result of chance, in reality directed by the most minute considerations of beauty and convenience.

After the stepping-stones come the ornamental stones of the garden, of which Japanese catalogues give an immense number. Their choice must be regulated by the natural formation and character of the ground, but they are estimated as so essential that some authorities call them the framework of the garden, and rank the trees and shrubs as their accessories or supports. So the stones are put in place first, great care being taken that their size

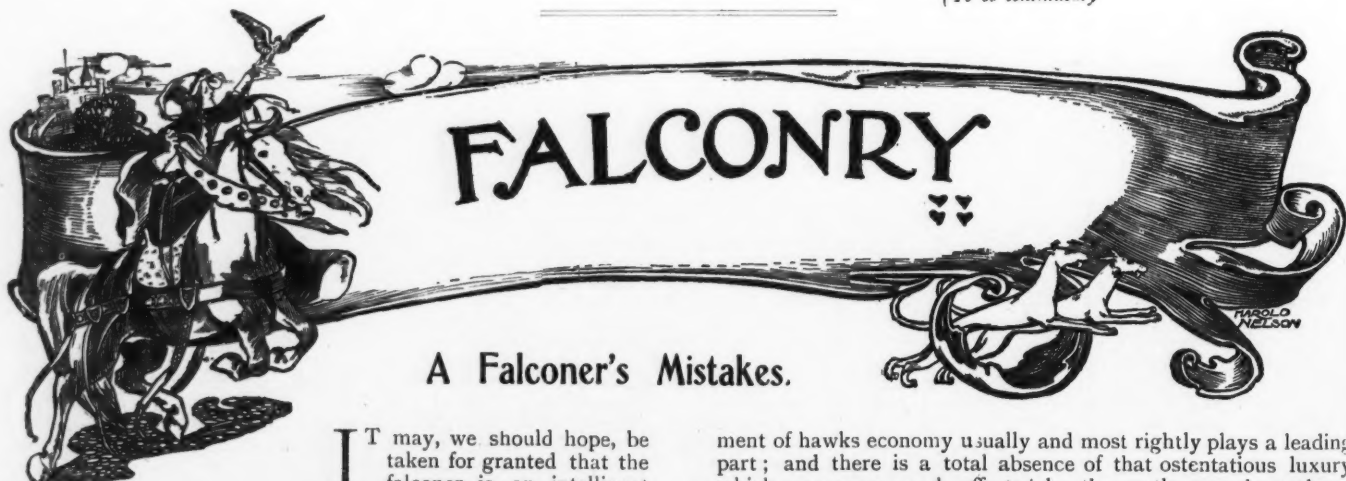


A FIELD OF LILIES.

shall not dwarf a small garden, or be swallowed up in a big one. Once in a gardener's hands they become to him the rocks and boulders of a natural landscape; the rounded masses of shrubs so constantly placed near them represent hills, and are made to roll up one behind the other to the foot of the great stones, just as the uplands roll to the base of the towering peaks and precipices of O Tome Tuge or Miogi San. The group of upright stones in the central background of Prince Horita's garden forcibly recalls a well-known point on the Mogi San, or Maiden Pass. The artistic

placing of trees and flowers, and the methods by which such wonders as the wistaria and azalea blossoms here portrayed are brought to their amazing perfection, must be described in a future article. It is difficult to be brief where so much fresh and interesting material asks to be handled; but one who knew his subject lovingly and well summed up the art of Japanese gardening in a few true words: "To let the eye, wherever it wanders, rest on something beautiful; not to ignore the smallest of Nature's works, and to seek to obtain from everything something to add to the day's delight."

(To be continued.)



A Falconer's Mistakes.

IT may, we should hope, be taken for granted that the falconer is an intelligent man, for, otherwise, how should he have had the wits to addict himself to the art which for so many centuries was practised by the best and cleverest sportsmen in the world, and which is only now out of fashion in Europe because the majority of Europeans have become too lazy or too stupid to learn it and keep it up? Well, then, if this is so, the falconer will not be an extravagant man, for what can more plainly prove a want of intelligence than to squander one's money on superfluous things? Thus in a well-ordered establish-

ment of hawks economy usually and most rightly plays a leading part; and there is a total absence of that ostentatious luxury which was once much affected by the gentlemen who took up the sport, as Turberville says, "for a pompe and a boast." Even the silver varvels and silver bells which were once very

commonly used have almost entirely disappeared, and been replaced by common leather and vulgar brass. In fact, the danger now is not so much that the owner of hawks should impoverish himself on their account, but rather that he should overdo the virtue of economy and lapse into the other extreme. *Apropos* of which tendency a sad story is told of a very distinguished falconer now living, who, thinking to



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THE FURNITURE OF A TRAINED HAWK.

"C.L."

effect a saving in the butcher's bill for the hawks, agreed with the manager of a zoological garden in a neighbouring town to be supplied periodically with a portion of the meat provided for the lions and tigers in their dens. The system worked well enough for a time; but one day there was something wrong with the viands. The wild beasts—or rather the caged beasts—whose digestive organs are a good deal less easily deranged than a hawk's, survived the ordeal; but the poor peregrines sickened, and one or more of them died. The loss, even if measured by the mere monetary standard, outweighed many hundreds per cent. the economy that had been effected in the price of the meat. The story is hardly a fair one to tell against the falconer in question, who is as generous and hospitable a man as anyone could find, without any suspicion of meanness, and who had what he thought ample guarantees for the harmlessness of the meat. But it illustrates vividly enough the dangers which lurk in even the best-meant attempt to cut down expenses in the commissariat department. Very often a beginner—and for that matter even an experienced man—is sorely tempted to think that meat which has a suspicious appearance and a perceptible odour "will do" for the nonce. Sometimes a morsel which by no euphemism can be called fresh is pressed into the service by the device of soaking it in water and squeezing it nearly dry. But this is not the way to administer washed meat, even if on the occasion in question it was intended to give a feed of this unappetising kind. Far safer and wiser to sacrifice a pigeon or a chicken than to risk the health or perhaps even the life of a favourite bird whose loss no money could replace. It appears to be with the uninitiated an article of faith that any sort of meat is good enough to give to a mere hawk. Ask any chance butcher for something that will do for this purpose, and ten to one he will offer you some scraggy lump of tough, tasteless beef, if even he does not suggest liver, or lights, or some such horror. Nor are butchers the only victims of this strange delusion. The more ignorant the person the more difficult it is to convince him that hawks, as a rule, are much more dainty than human beings. Certainly to keep a hawk in fine condition the food must be more fresh, more tender, and of better quality than most of that which will do for the kitchen. The falconer who doubts or

castle or hall of which they were a part or annexe. The truth is that, although such considerations might have had some influence on the mind of the builder, a much more potent cause was the conviction that the health, strength, and utility of a hawk depend greatly upon the habitation in which she has to spend so much of her life. The vulgar idea that any spare room or place, if only it can be locked up, is good enough for the purpose, is quite on a par with the notion already mentioned as prevailing with regard to diet. The would-be falconer rigs up a screen perch in



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THE BATH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the nearest available outhouse, which was built for the accommodation of no such guests as are now to be introduced. If the place by any good luck is not draughty or damp, then it is pretty sure to be stuffy and close, badly lighted, too hot in warm weather, and too cold in winter. In some such dreary dungeon many a fine hawk has fretted and pined away, even if she escaped the croaks, which are an aggravated form of bronchitis, and are the fatal result of exposure to cold and damp.

The successful falconer must on occasions be open-handed. At no time must he be close-fisted. He will remember that in these days of game-preserving and hawk-persecuting almost every man's hand is against him; and to protect himself and his poor feathered servants from their countless enemies he must make to himself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. Thus all the neighbouring keepers and farmers should be propitiated. The numerous peasants and hangers-on who carry a gun should be convinced, as far as possible, that it is no good policy on their part to indulge in the murder of trained hawks; that, on the contrary, if on seeing a stray hawk with its bell and jesses they will report its whereabouts, they will be adequately rewarded. There is an old precept in one of the most notable books on falconry which enjoins an owner, when he has lost a hawk, and wants to recover it, to "pray to St. Martin of Tours and give alms to the poor." Now this St. Martin is the patron of falconers, just as St. Hubert is of hunting men. And the recommendation to give alms does not probably mean an exhortation to indiscriminate and gratuitous charity, but the skilful distribution of small coins amongst those loafers or busybodies who are most likely in their wanderings to catch sight of the truant. On Salisbury Plain the



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OPEN COUNTRY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

forgets this, or who, from motives of economy, ignores it, is never likely to have a good hawk for long.

Another particular in which the amateur of the present day is rather apt to err on the side of parsimony is the housing of his hawks. It seems to be generally assumed that the spacious and solid buildings which under the name of mews were attached to all big houses, and which were the residence of hawks, were erected in such a substantial style merely in order that they should harmonise, in an architectural point of view, with the

practice of remunerating those who bring tidings of a trained hawk on the loose is so well established that in many villages men or boys will walk miles with such information to the headquarters of any hawking party, in the confident expectation that they will be no losers by the journey. But besides these chance allies there must be attached to any falconers who aspire to kill grouse, or any quarry which is apt to provide a long flight, some more permanent attendants, who will serve as markers. These mercenaries must be posted in advantageous

places, so as to command a view of the country for some distance on every side. Good markers, and plenty of them, are essential, if not to actual success, at least to any speedy operations and a well-filled bag with hawks on a grouse moor. A scamping policy in the matter of beaters or markers is one of the worst mistakes that a falconer can make.

The "furniture" of a trained hawk is usually understood to comprise hood, bell, bewit, jesses, swivel, and leash. But almost equally necessary appurtenances are the blocks or perches, lures, baths, or bathing tubs, required for the daily use of the hawks. All these appliances should be of the best that money can buy, and constantly renewed as soon as they show the least sign of getting worn out. What can be more annoying than by the breaking of a small piece of superannuated leather to lose a newly-trained hawk, and with her all the results of some weeks' patient attention and all the anticipations of expected sport? An old hood or an old bell is not necessarily a bad one, but neither will the former always keep its shape nor the latter its sound; and

a good supply of new articles of furniture should always be kept up to guard against emergencies or the accidents which seem to occur in greater abundance to falconers than to any other kind of sportsmen.

Finally, the falconer must at all costs have a proper country in which to fly his hawks. A small or hilly grouse moor will not suit his purpose, nor will a too enclosed country do for game-hawking of any kind, at least with long-winged hawks. If rook-hawking or lark-hawking is his ambition, a really open place must be found; and, if not, the sport will not be worth anything. Hawking men must "cut their coat according to their cloth"; and if for love or money they cannot get a right of access to an estate large enough and open enough to fly peregrines over it, why, they must confine their attention to goshawks, which can fly in a comparatively enclosed district, or even to sparrow-hawks, which can be flown almost anywhere as long as there are hedgerows with blackbirds in them.

GILLIES AND FORESTERS.

ONE of the most difficult problems the shooting tenant in Scotland has to face is that of collecting gillies. It is the tenant who only comes for one season that is the worst off, and in some districts gillies have to be imported to the moors from the big towns. I remember on one occasion, after engaging a moor in the Lowlands, having to go off to Edinburgh in order to collect gillies, for this was in Selkirkshire, where labour is scarce. It was a strange experience for one who, in the Highlands, had hitherto found £1 a week, with lunch and whisky, all that was necessary to ensure willing helpers, for these Edinburgh men had to be boarded and lodged. Prices have risen since then, but at that time the Highland gillies were always quite content if they had some tumble-down out-house in which they could sleep and cook their porridge for supper and breakfast. I have known a good many people who have had considerable difficulties with their gillies, and the fault has not always been on the side of the latter. The word, I believe, is the Gaelic for boy; but as a rule they are far from being boys. They may be of any age up to eighty, and some of these wiry Highlanders are fit for the hills even at that age. I remember one in the Glenlyon district who at seventy-five was particularly anxious to race any of the young ones to the top of a distant mountain and back—not a foot less than ten miles away. Their cleanness of limb and total absence of useless flesh is generally remarkable, and the worst lot I ever got were those engaged in Edinburgh. Probably they were not moor men, although they said they were.

Personally, I always found it best to leave the engagement of gillies to the keeper. This official generally knows, or gets to know, something about the men, and he is ever so much more competent to get them to work hard and well than are those tenants of shootings who happen to be new to the country. One man I knew, who was notorious for trying to get the last ounce out of everybody he had dealings with, must have lost very much sport by his skin-aflint methods. I forget how much he gave his gillies, but it was that and nothing whatever besides; no lunch and no whisky. No wonder that each man in turn turned footsore, and, when most wanted, was physically unable to go to the hills.

This particular shooter came to the conclusion that in future he would only pay per day—that is, for every day out, and not by the week. A much better plan I always found was this—to pay by the week, but to take out plenty of good lunch and a fair quantity of whisky. It must be a meat lunch though, for that is the only time in the day that the gillies who feed themselves can get meat, and they will not develop sore heels when the dinner bell rings, which is the equivalent of an order to the hills.

Whisky is almost as good for sore heels as it is for bagpipes when the leather gets too hard. The Highlander who drank the whisky supplied to soften the leather, and explained that "she likes it blawed in," understood no better than the average gillie that internal application was a salve for outward wounds. Whisky is the medicine of the country, as well as the luxury, but it is rather a surprise to an Englishman going North for the first time to see how they take it. No Highlander ever thinks of mixing water with his favourite drink, at least not until after he has drunk the whisky. When this has been done, he will walk over to a spring, if there is one, as there always should be at a well-selected lunch-place, and lie down and have a good pull at the water, if the day is a hot one, but never first. There are times and seasons when to neglect to supply an extra draught of whisky, neat of course, and from the shooter's own flask, would be regarded as very bad form indeed. For instance, when a deer has been galloped it is the forester's prescriptive right to have placed in his hand your own cup full of your own special (not exactly the sort you send out to lunch for the gillies, perhaps), and he will drink your health in the phrase, "Here's luck—and more blood." Then, wherever you meet him afterwards, you are his friend and he yours. They are a very interesting class of men, and although their talk is of the too-familiar kind sometimes, it is hardly ever resented, because they are simply children of Nature, speaking the first thought that comes into their heads; that is, they are so after their confidence has been gained, although before then nothing will draw them out. That being so, familiarity is the highest honour in their power to bestow, and it would be not only absurd but not understood if it were resented. There was once an occasion when this familiarity went past bearing; it has been told before, but I forget where, or I would acknowledge it. It happened when the shooting tenant informed the forester that he would have to give up the forest because his wife (who was the forester's pet aversion) did not like it. Now the forester, being in perfect sympathy with his employer, probably spoke the mind of both when he blurted out, "She's just a ——" But for form's sake, if nothing more, there had to be a dismissal on the spot. That forester, however, was not long out of place: and the story just explains the unintentional familiarity which is always in the interests of "Here's luck—and more blood."

I think if the ordinary English "Velveteens" (not that they wear them now) made such a remark as the above to his master, even of his mother-in-law instead of about his wife, his place would know him no more, and he would probably be a long time out of employment. But there is some difference between a man

who is constantly mixing with other servants and one who spends eleven months of the year in the contemplation of himself, the clouds, the mountains, and the deer. The foresters are loyal men, too. I knew one who took me in most dreadfully, but it was all in the interests of his own employer. The latter had gone South, and the forester came over to help us, as he said, for the sake of seeing a bit of sport. I was very young, and thought we should be the better for such assistance, and that the neighbouring forester would also be the better for the tip he would get for his cleverness in helping some of us up to deer, beasts that we should probably not get without his assistance. It was a long walk he took with me on the first of the stalking expeditions, and after spying several corries blank, we found seven stags all lying together on the face of a mountain (called hill in Scotland). We had, in order to approach them, to go round a couple of miles, then climb the mountain, and afterwards slide down it to the level of the deer. All this we accomplished in first-rate style, and then all was easy, for we should be out of sight of the deer until within soyds of them, and the wind was direct from them to us. Nothing could promise better, and, the old stalker leading, we went forward. Soon we were near enough for a shot, but had to rise a hillock in order to see our deer. The stalker therefore went on to have a look and find a suitable spot to shoot from, while I stopped behind. When he came back he reported all well. And now it was my turn to creep up the hillock first, as he had previously done. I started to do this, but had not got halfway when I heard the deer clatter away over the rocks, and soon saw them 200yds. below, going as if they knew exactly what was the matter. I learned afterwards, from a shepherd who had seen the whole performance, that as I was creeping in the stalker behind me had stood up for a second and shown himself to the deer, which he evidently thought belonged to his own forest. He had, at any rate, taken the best possible means of sending them there. The only thing I much regretted was giving him the tip he did not deserve before I discovered the truth of his great anxiety "to see sport."

Every tourist who has been to Scotland probably knows that beautiful fringe of woodland on the south side of Loch Ness, down which the Falls of Foyers used to rush (I hear now that they have been used for a supply of power to some manufactory). These woods are only half seen from the lake, and they really extend much further into the country beyond than they appear to. On one 7,000-acre moorland shooting on the side of the loch there is the best part of 1,000 acres of these woods, and then they were pretty full of roe deer. The difficulty was to get those cunning little creatures to show.

For this purpose the keeper got a holiday for the village children, and, all told, the line of beaters, walking parallel to the loch, was some fifty strong. They were not drilled beaters, and although they had enough native sense to keep a good line of some three-quarters of a mile or more long, they made enough noise, apparently, to frighten all the roe out of the parish, let alone out of the wood. The guns were all forward in the passes, but not a roe would come; they all preferred to face the throng of beaters and the noises they did understand rather than to come forward. Row as there was, some of the roe deer actually allowed the shouting line to walk right past them before they moved, and then they got up and cantered quickly in the direction from which the line had come. The men with the guns never saw a roe deer, and if you want to do anything in particular you must make the deer think you want them to do just the opposite. "Are you taking him to Cork?" asked one Irishman of another who was leading a pig by the leg. "Hush!" was the reply, "I am, but don't let him hear he thinks he's going to Bandon." That exactly explains the habits of deer; if you want them to go forward to the guns you must show something behind them that they do not understand. Stand up boldly, and flourish a pocket-handkerchief at a herd of red deer, and every one of the lot will face the enemy most likely, and stand and gaze for a long time before they eventually trot off. But show a hat or a cap for half a second, and then hide, and wait for some old hind to come round and get your wind, and every deer on the hillside will be off instantly at best pace in the opposite direction.

They behave on the principle that it is better to face the dangers they know than to flee to others they know not. In this they do not differ very much from some other game. On the next occasion that those Loch Ness woods were beaten, I adopted very different tactics; right ones, by accident, for I had only at that time observed the wrong way, and never seen the right or heard it mentioned. I employed no more beaters than the half-dozen or eight gillies we had out every day for grouse shooting. Consequently, they were some 200yds. apart when they formed line to beat the woods. Not a word was spoken, but every now and again a stick was broken, with just the noise made when a dead stick is snapped under foot. The result was that every roe deer came forward; they suspected an enemy behind, not in front now. Some came with a rush, as if they had fully made up their minds that safety lay in the next parish; some cantered a few yards, then turned their heads back to listen, and then came forward again. The result was that we killed all we wished to. ARGUS OLIVE.

THE HOUND TRAIL.

AUGUST is the favourite month for holding "sports" among the fells; haytime being over, and shepherd work light, there is then more leisure among the farms. In the programmes of these festivals the "hound dog trail" holds a prominent place. This sport is very popular among the dalesmen, carrying some of the excitement of fox-hunting into the summer months, and there is hardly a valley which does not possess one or more enthusiastic owners of trail hounds. Gentlemen, as well as less prominent persons, devote time and money to the sport.

At Grasmere Sports, for instance, a stiff long trail is laid round the fellsides bordering the vale. Leaving the ground by the left, the "spoorer" climbs up the bouldery face of Silver Howe to the domain of bracken, heath, and scree. Through half a mile of this he scrambles, emerging near the Rifle Butts. For a-while the going is somewhat letter, grass being underfoot instead of loose, sharp stones, but the course is still furrowed by deep rocky ghylls, which to-day may be dry and to-morrow form the bed of a racing, raging torrent. A path is next struck which brings the aniseed down to Loughrigg Terrace, famous for its almost bird's-eye view of Grasmere's vale and lake. The distance from this point to the sports ground cannot be less than a mile and a-half, but the pack are in full view on "sports day," and excited owners call out the names as hound after hound crosses the field of their glasses. The trail layer takes his course down into White Moss Wood, at the bridge there crosses the brawling Rothay, and then climbs far up the shoulder of Nab Scar. After a long chase, up brae and across ghyll, the spoorer turns across the vale at the bottom of Dunmail Raise, where every few score yards brings a high dry stone wall, often with a deeply-excavated beck course in front or beyond. Sometimes the trail layer tarries a while to drag his line through the lower screes and parsley ferns of Helm Crag; then he is away again to cross Easedale, and to reach the rough, difficult Score Crag. By now the course is approaching its close. On sweep the pack, sometimes a thin straggling line, at others almost all abreast, and then, as the leading hound leaps over the wall above Professor Armstrong's coppice, from the pit beneath comes a wild yell—2,000 lusty dalesmen in welcome. Generally, the first hound in view here is the winner, though more than once a dalliance in descending the breakneck cliff has lost a well-earned victory. Most hounds put on pace when they catch sight of the waiting crowd—they recognise that this is the end of the chase—but others do not.

Of course, with competition at such a high pitch it is easily understood that hounds, to ensure any measure of success, must be carefully selected and skilfully trained for the work. Mere speed is recognised, but not pandered to; for a course seven miles or more in length the hounds have to be stout to be able to stay the whole distance. The hounds turned out to compete at our trails are usually big, strong animals, though small ones are occasionally to be seen. Each trainer keeps his particular method of preparation a secret, and it would be unfair of the writer to divulge the different systems he has witnessed in operation. For weeks before the "trail season" begins, the hounds intended for competition are placed on special diet. Much walking exercise is given, and the trainer, with two or more hounds in leash, is a common figure on Lakeland's byways. Many practice trails are run over the rough commons as the day of contests comes near, and results are carefully tabulated, to find whether satisfactory progress is being made. Suffice it to say that the hounds come up to the mark in fine condition, solid, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, in splendid wind and spirits. The trail hound is held to run best off a couple of eggs beaten into a glass of port wine—a stimulating but extremely light meal.

The following description of an actual hound trail and the men involved is from some rough notes, and I trust readers will be interested in it.

As opportunity served, I made my way to the side of Tommie Dobson of Eskdale, the doyen of mountain huntsmen, who knows more about hounds and

hound trails than any other person living. It was a distinction to ramble about with the little veteran, and to listen to his modest comments on hounds and foxes and mountain sport. With every dalesman we met, from whatever remote dale he hailed, it was "How are ye, Tommie? What's gaen to win?" Now the hounds are taken into the ring to be photographed and started. This is a most trying ordeal to the animals. They know well the work that they are about to begin, and are so anxious for the start that their trainers have great difficulty in keeping them in hand. They dash away to the full length of the leash, and strain every muscle to get off through the narrow lane in the crowd which marks the way of the trail and the fell. Now, instead of individual barks and bays, there rises as from one throat a wild chorus of delight, for, as the crowd is saying, "Anthony is coming in." Anthony Chapman, another famous huntsman—but not near so great as Tommie of Eskdale, standing at my shoulder—has been completing the circuit of aniseed. The judge's hat drops, and with a grand swelling moan the medley of brown and white, lemon, black and tan streams over the wall into the adjoining field. My friend Tommie is excited. "Can yeh see 'em yet?" he asks twice before the pack cross into view amongst the rising ground. In the dense bracken-beds here, the hounds are difficult to pick out, for besides the great speed at which they are travelling, a bad slanting light is playing on the wet ferns and rock slabs, giving a thousand

gleaming, waving dabs and lines of white. The pack, which are now trailing out into a long thin line, are next discerned dashing along the path by the foot of Grasmere Lake, where the trail dips towards the coppices of White Moss. But before they disappear we know that three hounds are far in front, and they keep the lead along the long grass slope straight foremost us. We lose them fully ten minutes before Comrade and Ruby come finally into sight over a bluff to the right; they gallop down the breakneck descent into the wood, and are next seen approaching the winning-post. I ask the old huntsman whether in his opinion the training of hounds to follow such a trail is likely to spoil them for hunting the fox. "No," is his reply; "if a trail hound has the instinct for game in him, and most of them have, he will be at home in any pack in half-an-hour, and run up to the brush with the best of 'em."

W. T. P.



Richard N. Speight,
LADY WINIFRED GORE, DAUGHTER OF THE COUNTESS OF ARRAN.

178, Regent Street.

BOOKS . OF THE DAY.

THE History of Sir Richard Calmady" (Methuen), by Lucas Malet, is a fine book, and all but a great one. It suffers, however, from an exceedingly morbid plot, which, whether the author handicapped herself by too strict an adherence to historical veracity, or allowed her imagination to become

distorted by contemplating the many unaccountable miseries of the world, is alike puzzling and painful. That such an intellect as Lucas Malet's should have chosen deliberately such a succession of harrowing and somewhat illogical circumstances we feel to be incredible; and yet the keynote struck on the third page of the book seems to point to such a conclusion: "In all things material and mortal there is always a little spot of darkness, a germ of canker, at least the echo of a cry of fear—lest life being too sweet, man should grow proud to the point of forgetting he is, after all, but a pawn upon the board, but the sport and plaything of destiny and the vast purposes of God."

The lot of the first Sir Richard Calmady and his wife Katherine seemed envially clear of canker or shadow. Perfectly matched in youth and beauty and love for each other; inheritors of desirable rank and great wealth, an ideal existence appeared to have been allotted to them. In the first year of their married life Sir Richard's horse slipped and fell on him, and the end of Katherine's fair world had come. There was worse in store. Lady Calmady was brave, but the shock was too much for womanhood; and when, in due time, her baby was born, it was an abortion—a strong beautiful boy, with legs so maimed and deformed as to be incapable of ever walking like other children. Death and life out of death. "Tout passe, tout passe, tout casse. The individual—his acts, his possessions, his religion, his civilisation—is always as an

envelope, merely to be torn asunder and cast away. Nothing subsists, nothing endures, but life itself endlessly self-renewed, endlessly one, through all the endless divergencies of its manifestations." Philosophical but comprehensible; when, however, our author proceeds to tell us of a curse which is believed to rest on Brockhurst—that its owners die young and by violent means—we are surprised; we had scarcely looked for that threadbare enhancement of fiction from such a pen. This curse had its term, and

"When a fatherless babe to the birth shall have come,
Of brother or sister shall he have none,
But red-gold hair and eyes of blue,
And a foot that will never know stocking or shoe.
If he opens his purse to the lammer's cry
Then the woe shall lift and be laid for aye."

From this jingling prophecy, Lady Calmady's hapless baby would appear destined to be the saviour of his race, and one conceives the Deity according to the old Jewish conception of a "jealous God, visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation." This is not the kind of heredity of which we are accustomed to think. This poor, maimed child, who is the second Sir Richard Calmady, is the hero of the story. We are never suffered to forget his deformity and helplessness, or its repellent and disgusting effect upon his acquaintances. His heroic mother devoted herself to him, surrounding him with such constant and tender care that he scarcely felt his affliction. The youth woke up, however, to see how much was debarred him, and with larger mental development came ever-increasing pain. When he came of age and the natural emotions of a young man began to manifest themselves, a young lady was induced by her friends to promise him her hand—a promise which she soon retracted, with disastrous results. Disillusioned and desperate, Richard Calmady now entered upon a new and very dark chapter of his life-history, which is frankly designated "The Rake's Progress." It is painful and repulsive reading, this of eating the husks "in a far country," and we are told of depths of wicked degradation which are scarcely credible of one in his helpless condition. Estranged from his mother and living alone, he falls ill in Naples of "typhoid fever and complications," and wanders slowly and painfully back to life—a new life. "He had paid his footing to life and experience, and a personal acquaintance with the *thou shalt not*, which, for some cause unknown, goes for so almighty much in this queer business of human existence." He passed painfully through that Baphometic fire baptism of which Carlyle has fervidly expounded the idea, and, after infinite suffering, there arose even for him "a new heaven and a new earth." He learned "that, without the grinding and chastening of sorrow, pain, and death, humanity indeed would wax wanton, and this world become the merriest court of hell, the flesh triumph, and all bestial things come forth to flaunt themselves without shame in the light of day." Bearing his cross, he saved himself. Renunciation was his safety.

Human nature being what it is, of course Richard occasionally found his new course difficult of steering. The excitement carries one over the start safely enough, but, even when conversion is quite genuine, the turning away from the evil which a "man hath committed" often has to be described in zig-zags. "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak"; they react on each other, and the flesh is urgent and the spirit fails. So Richard had often to shrug his shoulders rather wearily and begin it all over again, seeing before him an endless perspective of to-morrows, in which "the poor flesh, with its many demands, its delicious and iniquitous passions, its enchantments, its revelations, its adorable languors, its drunken heats," must be eternally grappled with and conquered. After long warfare he earned the reward of "him that overcometh."

As we said before, it is nearly a great book in spite of its plot. The author has looked deeply into life with eyes touched with sympathy, and there is nothing little or mean in her to straighten her ideas of those who are sinners. We ought to say something of the remainder of the *dramatis personæ*. Lady

Calmady is a picture of "how divinely a thing a woman may be made," and has her antithesis in Helen, an evil soul, only happy in tainting others. Roger Ormiston and the irascible Dr. Knott are boldly sketched and vividly; the fatuous Lord Fallowfield, Julius March, and Honoria are well done—the two latter especially.

More than a formal welcome should be accorded to a second edition of Mr. Albert F. Calvert's "My Fourth Tour in Western Australia" (Dean and Son). The bright, vivid style and profuse illustrations make it one of the pleasantest and most readable of travel-books. For the benefit of those who have not yet made acquaintance with the author, we copy out a short extract descriptive of the "gin," which will give a fair idea of what is to be found between the covers:

"Midway between Whim Creek and Mallina, where we were to halt for the night, a travelling party of 'wild,' that is to say uncivilised, blacks crossed the road. It was the remnant of a tribe who live almost nude in their own camps, find most of their food by spearing game, and know no language but their own. The majesty of the aboriginal warrior, as long 'as wild in the woods the naked savage run,' is to be seen in the band which is approaching, the men tall, sinewy, laden with nothing but a handful of spears, and very little more encumbered with clothes than Adam at his birth. The uniforms they wear are 'nothing much before, and rather less than half of that behind.' They make the pace very warm for the gins, who bring up the rear, laden like camels. There is a sight which makes the toes itch. Two or three women stagger along, bending double. In God's name, what a libel on humanity! The first woman to pass us carried on one shoulder a freshly-slain kangaroo, on the other a roll of blankets, in one hand a bag of flour, in the other the entrails, lungs, and heart of one of the sheep of the Mallina butcher, while perched on the nape of her neck, with his legs dangling below her hanging breasts, was a sturdy piccaninny, six or seven years old. The other women carry loads that would tax the back of a Shetland pony, and, with the blurred features of overtasked Nature, labour along in the company of the sleek, glossy-skinned, hulking males, to whom they yield obedience. What martyrs to motherhood these wretched women are! Their maternal solicitude would be ridiculous if it were not so pathetic. It makes one yearn to tear the emps of darkness from their perches. Ride pickaback, forsooth, when they could trot nimbly for many a mile! I would put in every dusky mother's 'hand a whip to lash the rascals naked through the world.'"

Miss Jane Barlow's stories have already met with considerable appreciation from the general public. Her latest book, "From the Land of the Shamrock" (Methuen), is a collection of very readable short stories, in which that peculiar imaginative quality which pleased people so much in her "Irish Idylls" is again very prominent. Her very vivid word-paintings of places, and her most skilful characterisation of more than one of her *dramatis personæ*, give the effect of perceiving things through a very clear atmosphere, which, we take it, gives evidence of a very fine imaginative quality in Miss Barlow's writing. The action of her stories is limited and natural, and as such in no way striking. Her knowledge of the Irish temperament, however, is intimate and profound, and the whimsicality and peculiar humour of several of her characters are very amusing. Old Mrs. Dempsey's justification of going about "with never a shoe to her foot" will illustrate our meaning: "Ah, sure, girl alive, whut 'ud ail me to be thrampin' holes in me good shoes for nothin' at all? It 'ud be a sin and a shame; and, morebetoken, I'd a dale liefer go widout them. Why, when you've got them clamped on to you, you can never tell the differ whether it's the illigant soft, mossy grass sods, an' the springy salks of the heather you're treatin' under you, or the ugly, rough stones and muck of mud. Bedad, I'd as soon lose the taste of me mouth as the feel of me feet." The crazy farmer in the tale of "Dinny and the Dogs" is finely imagined, "The Christmas Dole" a wonderful mixture of pathos and whimsical humour; the picture drawn for us of the Avonbawn River and Baravon House among its lawns and gardens is a most delicately bright and striking one, and a peculiarly fitting setting for "milady," poor Isabel, who had afterwards to dree such evil days.

STAG-HUNTING IN DEVON & SOMERSET

FEW visitors to Exmoor realise how much thought, trouble, and woodcraft are expended on the hunting of a warrantable deer. Strictly speaking, none but warrantable deer (that is, five year old stags) are the proper quarry of the staghounds. Occasionally, when the deer are increasing beyond all due limits, and farmers murmur at the damage, it is found necessary to kill young male deer. For the red deer are bad neighbours to the farmers, destroying in a single night many turnips or committing terrible havoc in a field of growing corn. It is therefore absolutely necessary that the stags and hinds should be killed down. In 1855, when Mr. Fenwick Bisset came from Berkshire, and, marrying the heiress of Bagborough, made Somerset his adopted county, he undertook the seemingly almost impossible task of restoring stag-hunting. When the old pack of true staghounds were sold in 1825, it seemed as if the ancient West Country sport was nearing its end. For thirty years, however, until 1855, the sport lingered on. Each season

it seemed certain must be the last. To Mr. Fenwick Bisset was reserved the honour of restoring stag-hunting to all, and more than all, its former splendour. He was not a West Countryman, as we have seen, and he had everything to learn. But he was the

right man, and one who could overcome all difficulties. These were many; stags were scarce, subscriptions scanty, and, to crown all, his pack was three times broken up by rabies. In 1878 Mr. Fenwick Bisset and his faithful huntsman, Arthur Heal, began to make a new pack, with only a single hound, Wellington, who knew his work. How all these difficulties were overcome and stag-hunting raised to its present level of prosperity it would take too much space to tell here. It is enough to say that, whereas at that time the Devon and Somerset had the shortest season of any pack in England, they have now the longest. A few years ago, when the present writer first hunted with them, two days a week were enough for the country, now they hunt three and four. Nor is this all, for where one pack hardly made out enough sport



ANTONY.

for its followers, four now find plenty of work. And stag-hunting is hard work for Master and men, for hounds and horses. The distances on Exmoor are great, and long dragging rides home after a hard day's hunting the rule rather than the exception. Not only have the stag-hounds the longest season of any, but it takes a longer time to provide sport for them than for any pack in England. Long before we trot comfortably to the meeting-place the harbourer has been at work. On him depends the day's sport. He must know where the warrantable stag lies, and be as sure as possible that in the covert to which he has slotted him the stag is still lying up.

There is nothing the field enjoys more than to see a stag roused that has been harboured in the open. It is doubtful, fine as the spectacle is, when the grand beast springs up before the tufters, whether these stags give the best sport. Rouse a heavy stag in the open, and he certainly makes for the nearest covert; and probably the very first thing he does is to rouse a young deer, or even, ungallant that he is, a hind, to take his place. Then hounds have to be stopped and taken back, and sometimes the pack has to be kennelled, and the whole process of tufting to be gone through again in order to induce the wily old fellow to separate from his fellows. Stags are very clever at finding others to take their place. Sometimes the substitute is unwilling, and I believe stags have been seen fighting as to which should have the unenvied task of giving sport to the hunt. Then, perhaps, late in the afternoon the stag goes away, and wearied by the endeavour to escape the task he gives but a short run, beating up and down Badgworthy Water or the Basle, or one of the many famous Exmoor streams, till at last he is pulled down. But stag-hunting has its red-letter days, when the stag is well harboured, and the tufting is successfully performed, and after but a short wait the Master comes back for the pack.

The huntsman takes hold of them and casts them gently and quietly over the line of the deer. Then almost before we know what has happened there is a crash of music, and the great hounds string out and run silently over the heather or the rough yellow grass of the moorland. Then we need blood and bone under us and



PICKING UP THE LINE.

stout condition if we are to see the end, which may be twenty miles away. Only the careful riders who understand how to nurse a horse will see the stag taken. These big dog foxhounds can indeed run on a scent. Over the moor we can gallop to our heart's content. But at last the stag begins to tire, and hounds run

up to him. Sometimes you will see him spring up "fresh found" in front of them. Then watch him as he breasts one of the steep and precipitous combs. If he goes up slantwise there is still much work before the end; but if he climbs the hill straight up he is nearly beaten, and the end is not far off. It may come in several ways; the commonest and most picturesque is when he takes to the water as in the photograph. This spot is near Hell Bridge, where Sir John Amory's hounds killed their first stag this season.



CLOSELY PURSUED.

Or, again, he may make straight for the seashore, and you may see stag and hounds swimming out to sea. The hounds, however, soon lose sight of the deer, and as a rule they return when they do so. Then a boat has to be called in to help us out of our difficulties, and the stag is captured and brought to land.

It is a glorious sport, carried on in such scenery as the photographs which accompany this article show us, and in the most glorious air. When once the crowd and the picnickers are left behind there is a wildness in the scenery and in the sport. The fox-hunter may be at first cold to stag-hunting, but let him stay long enough for the charm of it to draw him, and he will be found returning year after year to seek the grandest of all our wild sports in the most splendid scenery that even England can offer.

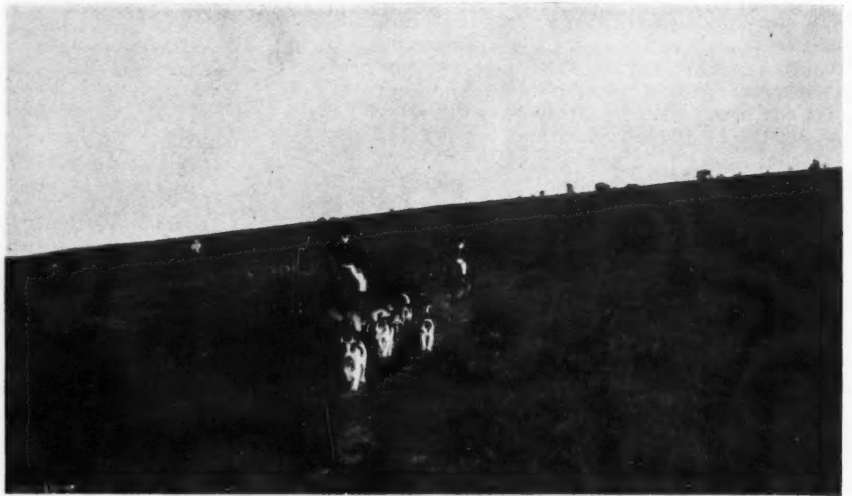
Let me give a word or two of practical advice. If you do not know the country, take a pilot. Nurse your horse carefully at first, for you can never tell how far you have to go. Ride the best horse in your stable that is fairly temperate. Take no heed of those who tell you a pony or a cob is good enough for Exmoor. None but the best and stoutest can live over the moors if hounds really run hard. If you have to descend a hill, go straight; to ride down hill slantwise is to court disaster, and that serious. There are no bogs on Exmoor, but there are some very unpleasant spots,



THE FALLEN MONARCH.

known locally as soft places (on the Chains, for example). Red grass is a sign of a "soft place," so is grass and heather mixed. If you do find yourself in a soft place, get off, and your horse will struggle out in time, but you will probably have lost the run. The present writer recollects such a mishap. Galloping along close to hounds, his eyes on them and not where he was going, he dropped into a soft place. To roll off keeping hold of the reins did not take long, but it took the horse some few minutes to scramble out.

The hunt was gone, and the wide desolation, all the more lonely for the life and vigour that had been all round him, cast a sort of chill over the mind. Nothing for it but to go home, and after some time the road was found. Suddenly a faint sound in the distance, and then a clearly beaten deer sprang over the road and went down to the water. In a moment the dullness was changed for life and excitement. The last half painful scenes of the chase came in due course, and the sportsman was trotting back dreaming of the run he had lost so great a part of. But it is these chances, these revulsions of feeling, which make stag-hunting the splendid and inspiring sport it is.



COLLECTING THE HOUNDS.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

NATURE AND THE MALLARD.

THE birds are nearly all tidy once more, after their dilatory change of clothes for the winter, and some of our old friends are themselves again in their new costumes. The mallard, whom the field-glasses daily revealed during the summer sneaking in and out of the rushes with his dark bill and dull-spotted plumage like an ill-marked duck, is now as gorgeous as ever, with conspicuous greeny yellow bill, head of shining beetle green, and tawny purple chest contrasting with the French grey of his body and the barred glory of his mirror-paned wings. He has the little curled feathers on his tail, too, that mark the dandy drake, and floats on the water as proudly as if he would not speak to any such shabby person as he was a month ago. For wonderful are the tricks which Nature plays in season with the plumage of water-birds, sea-birds, and waders. Indeed, the whole face of her animated life wears the changing expression of one who halts between two opinions, now boldly flaunting sexual ornaments that catch the eye as far as you can see, now snatching them off and disguising what was lately beautiful under the demurest outlines and dowdiest hues. Thus Nature, always at issue with herself over every trifle that lives, has acquired a depth of conflicting cunning that we shall never completely fathom, though of many of her tricks—such as this change of the mallard's courting dress for the safe plainness of garb befitting the father of a large family—we see the obvious purpose at a glance.

PUZZLING CHANGES OF DRESS.

Endless, however, are the perplexities which these complete changes of plumage entail upon the observer who essays to win familiarity with the birds of shore and marsh. In addition to their shyness—of which man has no reason to complain, for it is mostly gun-shyness of his own teaching—which seldom permits more than a distant view or tantalising glimpses on the wing, each kind of bird may have six different dresses, one for each of the sexes in immaturity, in winter and in summer. In addition they vary in passing from one stage to another, as puzzlingly as a man might do who changed his clothes in small patches all over his person, appearing one day with square inches of new white straw dotted over his silk hat, and at another time wearing summer flannels with the upturned collar of a winter overcoat appearing at the neck, and black coat-tails budding out below. And as for the plumage of our other sex—! So perhaps we must not grumble when birds only have six full changes between them; though the Londoner may fairly wonder why the gull which visits him in such numbers every winter should wear a white head and be called the black-headed gull, or why the dunlin in a glass case at the naturalist's shop should be a little grey bird with a white stomach, while he had learned with difficulty to identify the dunlin at the seaside as a little brown bird with a black stomach!

A CONTRAST IN THRUSHES.

Smaller changes suffice for the modest bird-life of garden and hedgerow, the young differing as a rule from their parents, and the summer from the winter plumage, only in such minor tones of colour as make little difference except to the scientific eye. What is more noticeable is the extreme untidiness of many birds when they are changing from summer to winter dress. Perhaps a man who is half out of one suit of clothes and half into another does not look his best; but we have had some thrushes this year who were positively a disgrace to the garden. One had elected to drop all the feathers from his neck at once, and went about the flower-beds playing at being a vulture; while another flaunted a disreputable tail of two feathers, and when he flew his gap-toothed wings and body feathers all awry suggested that the cat must have eaten half of him. Now, however, they are both so clean and tidy that they would do credit to the best managed garden. In new clothes the thrush looks always a pre-eminently well-dressed bird. Just as there are some men whose clothes sit well upon them and give them an air of distinction, no matter what the colour or material, so the song-thrush, when he is fully clad in russet coat and spotted waistcoat, always appears a gentleman. By his side, even his cousin the blackbird with his yellow bill looks like some loose-limbed rustic in Sunday suit of black with a sunflower buttonhole. I suppose that, as with men, it is "the figure that does it," for certainly there is no bird more dapper than the thrush.

YOUNG BIRDS AND OLD.

The blackbird and the familiar robin are conspicuous exceptions to the rule that hedgerow and garden birds change little on coming of age; for no one

can help noticing the increased proportion of a garden's blackbirds that become jet black and amber tipped as the seasons pass, while one hardly recognises in the slim, red-waistcoated robin the fluffy little speckled bird with just a tinge of ruddiness on the stomach whose perky attitudes and familiar bearing alone gave strangers a hint a little while ago of what he was going to be. But as a rule the differences between young birds and old pass away unnoticed. One morning, perhaps, when a couple of wrens' nests may have simultaneously emitted, like volcanoes in eruption, about a dozen young birds apiece, you may observe "what a lot of wrens" there seem to be about the place. But they pass away in a day or two, and you seem thereafter only to discover the same old wrens in the same old places. What happens so quickly to all the young birds?

WHERE THE BIRDS GO.

In the case of starlings, we know how they congregate in great flocks before any foreigners have arrived from abroad to swell their numbers; and perhaps it is owing to this habit of the young starlings to assemble with their kind in lonely places that so few of us notice how different in appearance the young are from the old, and how clearly they show their relationship to the thrushes. Many of the new generation of tits may similarly be accounted for in the mixed companies which assemble in pine woods and other places where autumn trees are rich in insect food. But the majority of garden birds seem neither to assemble in flocks nor consort in companies, and yet nowhere in particular can you say that there seem to be many more small birds than there were in spring. The illusion is helped no doubt by the disappearance of the warblers who have filled the summer hedges and woodlands with small bird-life. As they leave us to return to warmer lands, our own redundant population of small birds of the year spreads itself out to fill their places; so that we notice neither the departure of one host nor the superfluity of the other. But this only moves the difficulty a stage further on. What happens to this superfluity after all, when the warblers return in myriads and yet we seem to have no more small birds in one year than in the year before?

WASTE OF LIFE.

This is one of the saddest facts of wild country life, that, although for months in each year all the bird-life of the country is at work, like a manufactory in full blast, turning out fresh supplies of birds like themselves, at a modest average of two broods of five birds each for each pair of birds, yet next year there are no more birds. In other words, Nature creates ten specimens every summer in order to maintain a single breeding pair next spring; and the average chance of a bird living to mate and breed must be about five to one against. If, too, we suppose that the average period between the birth of a bird and the breeding-time next year is ten months, then the average duration of a bird's life is only two months. When, therefore, we talk of the same pair of birds returning year after year to nest in the same place, how very seldom it can be true, and how much more often one of the pair each year must be the re-married widow or widower of the previous year.

THE WAR OF PLANTS.

What would insurance companies think of such rates of mortality? But the more one studies Nature the more one realises that the vast majority of living things, both plant and animal, are only brought into the world to be killed by something else; and, though we see and think less of it, the war of plants is far more vindictive and cruel than that of animated things. The whole machinery of each plant is designed on the plan best calculated to starve or strangle its neighbours to death and to defend itself. On a bleak sandy headland you may see large tussocks of grey green grass tossing in the bitter winds that come over the sea. One almost pities the grass for the hardships of its lot; but it survives there alone in solitary tussocks, and enjoys a monopoly of such moisture as the sand-hills contain, simply because it whips to death every little plant that seeks to gain a foothold by its side. If you look at the ground round it on a windy day you will see the sand scored in clean cut circles where the pointed tips of the curved blades have swept round and round. Besides the needle tips of the blades, which make it unpleasant for any creature who tries to force a way through the grass, you will find the edges finely serrated, so that the blades will cut your hand if pulled quickly through it. This fine saw edge not only discourages the browsing animal, but it has its special use when the wind sets all the blades of the tussocks swinging in circles, and each one lashes any rival plant that it can reach until the saw edge has cut through it. And no vitality on the rival's part will save it, for each fresh shoot that is thrown up is lashed and cut in turn. This is why on windy, sandy headlands you will see the tussocks of this stiff grass tossing alone. But you need not pity them; they are murderers, every one.

MURDERERS IN TURN.

Nor need you pity their victims, for these, given the opportunity, would be the murderers in their turn. Suppose that, instead of sand, obstacles chance to

be placed beside one of these tussocks so as to give an invading seed a foothold where the saw-edged whiplashes cannot reach him, but whence he can creep and twine to the heart of the tussock. Then you will see the enemy crawling at the throat of the stiff grass, enveloping one blade after another, covering it and smothering it, until at last the spot is marked on'y by a mat of vivid green under which lie the rotting remnants of what was once a strong tussock of live grass. And wherever the crevices in the headland give foothold where the wind, the ally of the grass, does not reach, you will see a mixed host of enemies creeping and crawling in the hope of seizing the throat of some unlucky tussock and strangling it slowly to death. And if this fierce competition goes on for the possession of bare wind-swept sand, it is a thousand times more keen in woodland and thicket, lawn and hedgerow, where every plant at every leaf-point and root-fibre is forcibly depriving some other plant of the necessities of life. And if we deplore the waste of life, when birds, which are multiplied fivefold annually, do not increase, what must it be with plants which, like the foxglove and mullein, produce seeds by the hundreds of thousands, of which, by good luck, one may survive to produce seed in its turn? People sometimes scatter a packet of flower-seed in a coppice and are disappointed next year because the place is not full of flowers. As well might you scatter a few sheep on the Russian steppes and complain next year that there are no lambs, only wolves. E. K. R.

THE TWEED . . . COMMISSION

ALL who are interested in our fish supply ought to read the report of the recent annual meeting of the Tweed Commissioners at Berwick-on-Tweed. It goes far to make out a case for the suppression of this body, and the establishment of a Fisheries Board, so frequently advocated in these pages. Lack of success is generally recognised among business men as in itself a reason for change, and he would indeed be an optimist who read anything else into the proceedings. Sir Richard Waldie Griffith, the new and excellent chairman, naturally tried to put a cheerful face on things in his opening address, but almost at the outset he admitted an "unsatisfactory point in the report—the decrease of the assessment. But he was afraid until they could show larger returns from the angling waters for sport, and not for one or two years, but generally, the general assessment was likely to go down." It is difficult to see how anything else can happen, unless indeed his pious wish is fulfilled that the Royal Commission may be able to point out something for the benefit of rivers. A decreasing supply of fish must inevitably lead to a diminished demand for these highly-rented waters. What is causing it is really a mystery. Mr. Smith, the superintendent of water-bailiffs, considers that there is actually less poaching in the upper waters, but it is difficult from this distance to see on what grounds he founds this opinion. The figures given before the Commission do not substantiate it. The number of offenders reported for poaching in the Upper District was 237, as against 218 in 1900, 187 in 1899, and 252 in 1898. On the Lower District there were 75 persons reported, and altogether there were 213 prosecutions. This is far too many. In one of the quietest and most peaceable districts in the British Empire there ought not to have been in one year 120 persons fined, 55 sent to prison, 15 driven to abscond, the same number acquitted or admonished, in addition to 8 prosecutions withdrawn. Were poaching on the same scale carried on for grouse or pheasants within an equal area, vigorous steps would be taken to diminish it.

There are reasons for expecting that less of it should take place in the Tweed Valley and the dales of its tributaries. Idleness is the commonest cause of poaching, and there can be little of it there, because the country is almost denuded of inhabitants. But the broad-minded chairman, who thoroughly understands his people, remarked that "the genial shepherd could still go out (with a cleek or leister) and get his dinner from a neighbouring burn; he had always done that, and perhaps did so still, and many of their good citizens had done the same in their youth." In other words, no moral opprobrium attaches to fish poaching, which is the pastime of people otherwise most respectable. It makes it the more to be regretted that the inhabitants of a quiet pastoral district, decent, sober men, most of them, should be branded as gaol-birds. Nearer the coast there is an annual riot. Last year it occurred on September 21st at Burnmouth, where the bailiffs were assaulted on the electric launch. Fortunately "no serious injuries were sustained, though the men as well as the boat were struck with stones." To be stoned near the mouth of the Tweed is a very common experience of the water-bailiffs. It all goes to show that law and public opinion are at variance, and country people cannot be bludgeoned into a law-abiding frame of mind. Some endeavour must be made to win their sympathy and to form a strong public opinion against poaching. During the last three years the nets and fish seized at sea and the mouth of the river have remained to all intents and purposes a fixed quantity. In 1898-99 they numbered 318 nets and 111 fish; in 1899-1900, 281 nets and 154 fish; and in 1900-1901, 321 nets and 133 fish. From the number taken it is quite impossible to gauge the extent of the poaching. The writer has gone sea fishing occasionally from the harbour, and the old salts who have

accompanied him do not hesitate to chuckle over the prospect of poor men getting a fish, and after the netting closes on September 15th there is not the slightest difficulty in obtaining salmon at Spittal for about a penny or twopence a pound. No doubt this has gone on for generations; but our point is that owing to the depopulated condition of the water it will no longer bear such wholesale robbery. Something must be done, or ruin will overtake the finest salmon river in Great Britain.

We regret very much to see how largely fungoid disease has prevailed during the past year. In November, 1900, only thirteen fish were buried, but in December 1,025 salmon, 151 grilse, and 289 sea-trout were taken out and buried, and in January of this year there was an enormous increase, the numbers being 3,000 salmon, 630 grilse, and 424 sea-trout. Out of the total only 14 were not diseased. In the whole of the year 7,215 fish were taken out in a dead or dying condition, and this, of course, gives no idea of the vastly greater number that must have been swept out to sea in the floods. The fungoid disease, it is curious to note, also attacked grayling, though the yellow trout are immune. It is reported that grayling become more numerous year by year, and as they oust the trout we cannot help thinking it was a great mistake to introduce them into the Tweed at all. If sportsmen are keen on winter fishing there are many waters near at hand with pike in them. Under these misfortunes the Tweed Commissioners are simply helpless, and appeal rather pathetically to the Royal Commission to devise some alleviation. The practical difficulty in the way of obtaining spawning fish and the ova from them is that of expense. It had been computed in one quarter that hatchery-bred ova cost £5 a thousand, said the chairman, though he flouted that estimate as being extravagant. "However," he added, "it is a very heavy expense, and unless they could have the ova to cost them practically nothing at all they would not have hatcheries that would be of use to any river like the Tweed." This brings us back to where we started. A body is needed of far more power, authority, and resource than the Tweed Commission, one that could treat the question as only one of many. In a word, a properly-constituted Fisheries Board is the urgent need of the moment.

LITERARY NOTES.

NIGHT.

I know the secrets that you tell
O Night, when no moon's shining,
From the last stroke of curfew bell,
I know the secrets that you tell
Till daylight breaks on wood and fell,
The dale from hill defining,
I know the secrets that you tell
O Night, when no moon's shining.—A. H. B.

ALTHOUGH I am not learned in ballades and rondeaus, chants royal, sestinas, and villanelles, I was glad to get this little poem from an accomplished correspondent. Verse is in its very nature artificial, and the triolet is one of its daintiest forms. In his excellent compilation, the late Mr. Gleeson White, quoting Mr. Austin Dobson, gave the rules for it thus: "The triolet consists of eight lines with two rhymes—the first pair of lines are repeated as the seventh and eighth, while the first is repeated as the fourth. The order of the rhymes is as follows: a, b, a, a, a, b, a, b." Curious and difficult fetters they appear to one whose ambition does not rise above common prose, and yet how beautifully calculated to set out an idea in a glimmer of light. How pretty is the French model quoted by Mr. White:

Le premier jour du mois de mai
Fut le plus heureux de ma vie;
Le beau dessein que je formai,
Le premier jour du mois de mai;
Je vous vis et je vous aimai,
Si ce dessein vous plut, Sylvie,
Le premier jour du mois de mai
Fut le plus heureux de ma vie.

But this style of versification is really much more suitable to the airy and graceful French temperament, always addicted to gay and pleasant trifling, than to the deeper and dreamier Saxon nature. In the days when Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Lang and Mr. Henley were lusty young journalists there was a great run on the French, though, curiously enough, it was one who is not of their school who printed the first triolet in modern English, viz., Mr. Robert Bridges. Yet he did not like those foreign forms, and ceased to use them after his poems were issued in 1873. The movement, in fact, has died away, and, though French forms of verse are not rare in our magazines, they are no longer very popular. Already, indeed, many of those who wrote are done for ever with writing, and some have relinquished the art. One is half sorry, because a triolet gives the fancy that sort of pleasure the eye obtains from a fine head or tail piece. Take an early example from Mr. Bridges to prove it:

When first we met, we did not guess
That love would prove so hard a master;
Of more than common friendliness
When first we met we did not guess.
Who could foretell the sore distress,
This irretrievable disaster
When first we met? We did not guess
That love would prove so hard a master.

I almost think the thought there is too deep, too philosophic in a way, for its light casket. Yet Mr. Bridges is far from being the only one who has clothed

some of the bitter truths of life in this artificial verse. Take, as another example, the following by Mr. Arthur Symonds—the Dead Sea fruit of experience one might call it:

When Love is once dead
Who shall awake him?
Bitter our bread
When Love is once dead;
His comforts are fled,
His favours forsake him.
When Love is once dead
Who shall awake him?

If one may dare to say it, this seems to me the wrong way. The triolett should enshrine no thought that is not beautiful, tender, or pleasing. It may, of course, be as gay and trifling as you like, the dancing measure suits that. Here, for instance, is one from the *Century Magazine*, inscribed as "an apology for gazing at a young lady in church," the occasion, the sentiment, and the form all suitably unite in grace and elegance:

The sermon was long
And the preacher was prosy.
Do you think it was wrong?
The sermon was long,
The temptation was strong,
Her cheeks were so rosy.
The sermon was long
And the preacher was prosy.

There is a certain melancholy, a sort of regret begotten of flying seasons and lost time, the *Eheu fugaces!* of Horace, that can be very appropriately conveyed in a triolett as long as it remains a reflection only and does not become a note of personal grief. I think this of Mrs. Marriott Watson illustrates the point excellently:

The roses are dead
And swallows are flying;
White, golden, and red,
The roses are dead;
Yet tenderly tread
Where their petals are flying.
The roses are dead
And swallows are flying.

Pretty as these triolets undoubtedly are, however, you will never get the best of English verse, nor even *vers de société* in that form. How much more characteristically English, for instance, is that fine "Good-night" of Shelley's which the late Mr. Locker-Lampson included in his "Lyra Elegantiarum," though its depth almost renders it unsuitable? It is of those bits than cannot be too often quoted:

GOOD-NIGHT.
Good-night? ah! no! the hour is ill
Which severs those it should unite;
Let us remain together still,
Then it will be Good-night.
How can I call the lone night good,
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight?
Be it not said, thought, understood,
That it will be Good-night.
To hearts which near to each other move,
From evening close to morning light,
The night is good; because, my love,
They never say Good-night.

There is in this an English depth, an English tenderness that belong to England's sky. The subject is one that a French poet could have treated admirably in a triolett, yet he never could have got into that form the same quality that Shelley gives. Turning over the pages of the aforesaid "Lyra," I came upon this of Wordsworth's, which illustrates the very same point. It, too, is a piece of solid English workmanship, without a bit of the trickery essential to more artificial forms, and it was written to a young lady who had been reproached for taking long walks in the country:

Dear child of Nature, let them rail!
There is a nest in a green dale,
A harbour and a hold;
Where thou, a friend and wife, shalt see
Thy own heart-stirring days, and be
A light to young and old.
There, healthy as a shepherd boy,
And treading among the flowers of joy,
Which at no season fade;
Thou, while thy babes around thee cling,
Shalt show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made.
Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,
Nor leave thee when grey hairs are nigh
A melancholy slave;
But an old age serene and bright,
And lovely as a Lapland night,
Shall lead thee to thy grave.

What a strong, true voice is heard here. The sincerity of accent could scarcely have been maintained if the poet had tried to write in one of the forms we have been considering. As I began with a night piece, so I will finish with one, and let it be that of Robert Herrick, a poet who learned to express his inner self with absolute precision, yet was not careful of ordinary form:

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, friend thee.
No will-o'-th'-wisp mis-light thee,
Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee;
But on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What tho' the moon do slumber,
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light
Like tapers clear, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee
Thus, thus to come unto thee;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour out unto thee.

Books to order from the library:

"Sir Richard Calmady." Lucas Malet. (Methuen.)
"A Jilt's Journal." "Rita." (Unwin.)
"Cardigan." R. W. Chambers. (Constable.)

LOOKER ON.

KING ALFRED'S COUNTRY

THREE places are permanently associated with the memory of Alfred—Wantage, the town of his birth; Winchester, the early capital of the Wessex kings; and the marshes of Somersetshire, from Glastonbury to Athelney, where he found a refuge in the lowest ebb of his fortunes. Take away all the modern houses, replacing them by cottages of wattle and thatch, leave out the Great Western Railway, the hard roads (there are plenty of the old green roads left), and the district of his birthplace would not differ much from its appearance, and, possibly, in such details of life as the tillage of the fields, from the days when the great king first saw the light under the Downs. The old West Saxon is in evidence in landscape, language, and in actual works, as well as in well authenticated story. Most of the villages are of Saxon character, with houses dotted down in groups round the places where the springs break out, not ranged alongside of the roads, because the Saxons were not road makers, but path makers. In the local dialect each of these villages is a "town" (pure Saxon). The little stream is "town brook," and by nearly every village is a piece of land still called the "furlong" or "town furlong," pronounced "tunfurlin," which was the place where the people of the Saxon town used to go and plough furrows in company, so far as the land allowed them. At Lockinge, close to Wantage, are the remains of regular terraces, which may, or may not, be the plough lands of different families of Saxons. Above, on the ridgeway, is the chain of fortresses which the Saxons probably took on from the Roman-British. One, Letcombe Castle, encircles twenty-eight acres. That on the White Horse Hill is not so large. Close by is Cwychem's Knoll, where the shire moot of those parts was reputed to meet. Every village also has its "field," as distinct from the town furlong. The name is now given to the plough lands of each parish, but the term is descended from the "common field," used jointly for pasturage by the towns.

In Winchester the suggestion of Saxon times is eclipsed by the later glories of the place under the Norman and Angevin kings, who made it their capital, and built the cathedral, castle, and palace there. Hyde Abbey was the foundation which Alfred delighted to honour, and where he was buried. But Hyde Abbey has utterly disappeared, and there is a rumour that Alfred's bones were dug up in a garden which formed part of the precinct not a hundred years ago, and lost or thrown away—but perhaps that is only a story. As for Glastonbury and the Athelney Marshes, the times, not only of Alfred but of King Arthur, seem still faintly conjured up by the setting of the Abbey and the grey flats of the marshes. The mere at Glastonbury is drained, that mere over which Arthur's body was rowed by weeping queens, and the Athelney Marshes are fairly well drained. But there are plenty of isolated huts and farms where the cakes may still be seen baking in the ashes while the good man is out looking after the cattle and the wife putting the children to bed; an English fireside scene just a thousand years old.

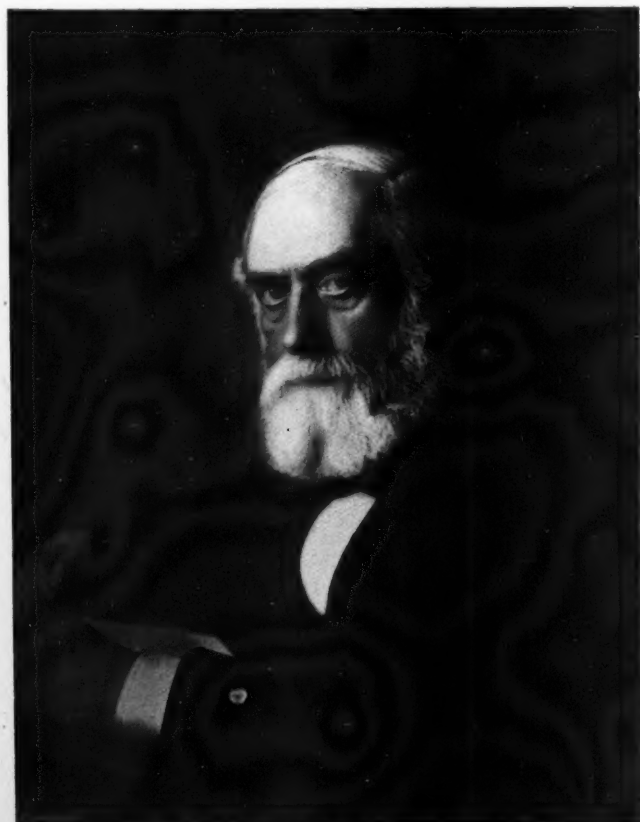
King Alfred was the first great Englishman. Had he not lived to do what he did it is a question whether there would have been any England at all. The race was very nearly played out, not for want of quality, but for want of a leader to keep the enemy out and to make the best of the English inside the shores of the island. That the latter were steadily deteriorating from what doctors call "want of tone" is certain, while the Norsemen were full of "go," flushed with success, contemptuous to the last degree of the islanders, and well on the way to make this Norseman-land instead of Angle-land. If evidence is wanted of the all-round behind-the-times condition of the men whom Alfred galvanised into life again we have it in this, that though they had conquered the country from their ships, and done in quite as thorough style as the Norsemen were conquering them in their turn, they had actually forgotten how to build and navigate, and when the Danes had been conquered in the island Alfred had to arrange with the Frisians from the North Dutch coast to come over and teach his English how to build and handle a fleet, to police the seas and prevent a fresh swarm of Danes coming over.

Alfred's achievements are the more astonishing in view of his surroundings. Without doing an injustice to his countrymen, when we contrast the environment and the man, the success which he made out of existing English civilisation is more wonderful than that which the Japanese have achieved out of their artistic feudalism. Practically the only things which he had to work with were Saxon courage, which was undoubted, and stood the test of Hastings as well as it did that of the battles on the White Horse Hill and Ellandun, and the village system, for it was nothing more, of which English Local Self Government was built up, and which he managed to develop into National Government and an organised kingdom.

He died when he was only fifty-three years of age, having in that time won a life and death struggle against the Norsemen. He had inherited the crown almost at its worst, and for the parlous condition of which he was in no way responsible, fought fifty-six battles, great and small, and smashed up a second Norse invasion from over the seas. They landed in Kent, and were aided by those in the North who had submitted, and King Alfred consequently found it very hard to get the day's work done in the twenty-four hours, which he divided into three parts, two for work and religion—in which latter he probably included all the translations of devotional and educational books which he produced—and only one to recreation, including sleep. There is one man of our time, of a very different character, and a monarch of a very different race, whose career has many points much in common with that of Alfred, namely, Abdurrahman Khan, Amir of Afghanistan. Many passages in his remarkable autobiography, detailing his incessant labours, his efforts to organise, educate, and consolidate his savage and lawless subjects, his literary labours, his unavoidable despotism, his curious piety of the Oriental kind, might, allowing for all the differences of personality and setting, be found paralleled in the personal records of Alfred.

A WITTY JUDGE.

LORD MORRIS, who only last year was Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, died after a prolonged illness on Sunday evening, at his residence, Spiddal, County Galway, thus following his life-long friend, Justice Murphy, at less than a year's interval. By a curious coincidence these two men took the same course at Trinity College, were called to the Bar on the same day, took silk on the same day, and now they have died in the same year. The career of Lord Morris was a very brilliant and successful one. Born in 1827, he entered Parliament in 1865, became Irish Solicitor-General, and two years afterwards Attorney-General. Two years later he became Puisné Judge of the Court of Common Pleas; and on the retirement of Lord Chief



Elliott & Fry. THE LATE LORD MORRIS.

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Justice Monahan in 1876 he was placed at the head of the Irish Common Law Bench as Lord Chief Justice of Ireland. Of his distinction as a lawyer and wit, it is scarcely necessary to speak at this time of day. He has been called, and not without reason, the wittiest judge who ever sat on the Irish Bench.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The curious friend-ship of animals and birds has often been mentioned in your paper, and I thought perhaps the enclosed photograph might interest your readers. The collie dog and Emma, the tame seagull, are great friends, and although the gull can, if she chooses, wander over the garden and fields, she very seldom leaves the dog. In the winter they sleep in the same kennel, and



Emma is always the first to give the alarm of strangers approaching. This sleeping in the same kennel is more than usually curious, because gulls sleep in the open, and it is very seldom they take shelter, even when snow is on the ground.—J. W. S.

FOUL PONDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you allow me a few words with reference to a question on page 320, September 7th number, about foul ponds. I have had a certain experience with ponds, and I have come to the practical conclusion that the most positive cure for avoiding water in ponds to become foul is to increase their depth, and if this be digged out so that the water be 14ft. or 15ft. deep, more so in your climate, it is almost certain that weeds will not germinate. I have recently made a reservoir for preserving rain-water in the highest level of a farm of mine for irrigating purposes, and notwithstanding these three factors, first, a hot climate, second, rain-water, which becomes foul more easily than stream-water, and, third, that it is quite unprotected by any cover, I have succeeded in avoiding altogether the germinating of weeds by giving it a depth of 20ft. I shall be happy to know if "Sussex" refers to a shallow pond (5ft. or 6ft.) and if he succeeds in case attempting to increase its depth.—GUILLERMO DE BRUNET, Guipuzcoa.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder at nobody suggesting to you that the best way to keep ponds clean is the oldest-fashioned one, viz., the keeping of plenty of eels in them. That was what the Romans did, and the Romans could give us "tips" about most things of this kind.—P. V. H.

A HAMLET BY THE NORTH SEA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—About nine years ago, in company with two artist friends, I stayed for nearly two months in "A Hamlet by the North Sea," of which there is such an interesting notice in your issue for August 31st, and from it and the accompanying illustrations I had no difficulty in identifying the village, in which and about the adjacent shores and neighbourhood we had abundant subjects for easel or pencil. I had, I think, the only available lodging in the village, a most comfortable one, with really excellent plain cooking, the total inclusive cost being never more than £1 per week, sometimes less. My two friends located themselves in a convenient tent owned by one of them, and pitched on the breezy and quiet upland some 80ft. or more immediately above the village. To this tent, which we christened "Château Toile," myself and the head-fisherman, a fine stalwart fellow, scrambled up in the dusk of the autumn evenings for a chat and smoke before turning in. The place was not unknown to a few artists, amongst whom one at least is now a Member of the Academy. There are two other well-known habitats and breeding-places of sea-birds within a few miles of the Gull Rock, and in the face of a lofty cliff to the north of the village, when I was there, a pair of peregrines had their nest, and dangerous as the feat was, the eggs, I was informed, had been occasionally taken, by lowering a man down the face of the cliff. The rocks to the southward are not only lofty but picturesquely cleft and peaked, and were at one time the resort of wild goats, which for some time browsed in security in places accessible only to themselves; they had,

however, been pretty nearly exterminated, although, I was informed, there were still one or two old ones occasionally seen. A hundred years or so ago the caves and rocky banks of this stern coast harboured numerous wild cats, the last recorded specimen of which was seen over fifty years ago by a competent and well-known North Country naturalist. The animals, which would find abundant food in the wild rabbits, were so fierce and aggressive, that even the hardy smugglers of that time did not care to force a way into the caves frequented by them. I believe there used to be formerly a good deal of old Delft ware in some of the cottages; much of it is said to have been picked up by artists and others who knew the place earlier. The value of what little may be left is pretty well known to its possessors. One Saturday evening during my stay a large five-man boat, deeply laden with fine herrings, came into the little harbour. The head-fisherman told me that every cask in the place was already full, and they could take no more, nor would the crew be able to get them landed elsewhere, the result being that the boat had to go outside and throw overboard the valuable and hard-earned freight, which would quickly have spoiled. For days, even two or three weeks after, the adjacent sea was frequented by hundreds of snowy, screaming gulls, and in rough weather the wide expanse of water which had been covered by the dead herrings was clearly defined by the oiled and smooth surface, whilst the surrounding sea was broken and whitened by the wind. I have no doubt the place is much the same as when I stayed in it, and I do not think there is much danger of its being spoiled by becoming a hackneyed resort. There are no stretches of sand, little or no accommodation such as holiday people seek after, and the road to it, though fairly good, is steep and toilsome. To the artist and the lover of Nature it will always have its attractions.—R. S. W.



A FINE CARNATION HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

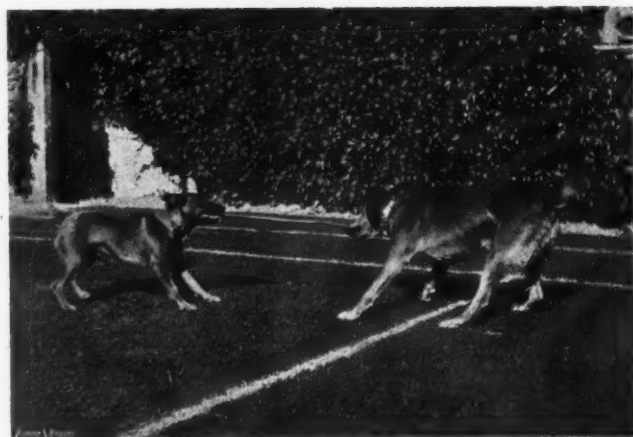
SIR,—I am sending you two photographs of the carnation house at Mount Clare, which I think you may consider worthy of reproduction. You will notice that the staging was entirely covered by Malmaison plants, but that the shelves above were filled with carnations which, as the slope of the roof did not permit them to stand upright, were allowed to hang down, as, I believe, they are grown in the Tyrol. The effect was most successful.—LANCLOTH HUGH SMITH, Mount Clare, Roehampton.

[We reproduce with pleasure one of the photographs of a certainly splendid house of Malmaison carnations. We quite like the way the flower stems on the shelf plants hang down. It makes the effect less formal.—ED.]

BLUE TITS EATING PEAS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to the mischief supposed to have been done by blue-tits to peas, permit me to remark that it is more than likely that these little birds, instead of destroying the missing peas, saved the lives of the remaining few by taking away the worm or maggot that destroyed the others. In our garden this year more than half the peas were inhabited by maggots, so that sometimes only one pea in the pod was fit for use. Some were quite eaten away, and others either bored or partially gone; but as the maggot was generally to be seen, there was no doubt as to the cause. I have never seen peas so bad before, and cannot tell whether the drought had anything to do with the matter, but as far as our peas were concerned the blue tits had nothing to do with it.—A BIRD-LOVER.



A TUG-OF-WAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I hope you will find space for the accompanying photograph. It represents our two dogs having a tug-of-war with a stick. The tug-of-war lasts about ten minutes, the young Irish terrier generally getting the stick away from the old collie, whose teeth haven't got the grip of those of the youngster.—G. G. COLLET.

COLD STORAGE FOR COUNTRY HOUSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see in the issue of your valuable paper for August 31st that "M. B. G." asks for information on cold storage for country houses. I have had a refrigerator plant at work for the last six years, and have found it most useful in hot weather. It was supplied by Messrs. L. Sterne and Co., Crown Iron Works, Glasgow. I first got the idea from seeing a similar plant working at the Imperial Institute (it may still be working there). The power I employ is a small electric motor about half horse-power, and the amount of attention required is very small. I shall be pleased to show my plant to "M. B. G.," or I am sure Messrs. Sterne and Co. will be glad to answer any questions and give estimates. I have two rooms, each 7ft. long, 6ft. wide, and 6ft. high, and find these give ample accommodation for the requirements of a large country house.—R. M. KNOWLES, Colston Bassett Hall, Bingham, Notts.

THATCH AND TURF.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This district is rapidly losing its rural charm by the substitution of the garish tile or the yet more hideous slate for the homely thatch. I have an idea for preserving a certain measure of rusticity, whereat my friends scoff—but that is a way friends have. I would like to have an unbiased opinion as to its practicability. First, I must premise that the disappearance of thatch is due to three causes—(a) Expense; (b) The decay of the art (I only know of one first-class thatcher in the neighbourhood, and he has far more work than he can cope with); and (c) The abnormal number of fires in the district during the last ten years, so many that some insurance offices are refusing to accept thatched risks. Now, my idea is that a short mossy turf (fog) of fair thickness could be laid on over old thatch—at all events in the case of outbuildings—where the pitch of the roof is not too great, and, if well pegged to prevent slipping, would speedily grow into a weather-tight covering. It would be inexpensive, would require no skilled labour, and would be non-flammable. Now, Sir, what is to be said on the other side? I have a few thatched buildings, and think of experimenting in a small way on a lean-to pigsty.—GILBERT LUDFORD, Charlton, Andover.

[This might do for outbuildings, but we could not recommend it for cottages.—ED.]

A NEW SQUIRREL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am forwarding you a photograph of a new kind of squirrel which has been brought to Tangier by Mr. Meade-Waldo, from the interior of Morocco. The squirrel has never before been caught, but I believe it was known to exist. Mr. Meade-Waldo got thirteen, and only one died during the journey from the interior to Tangier. The tail of the squirrel (which has, I am afraid, not come out well in the photograph) is like a brush for cleaning lamps, or like a feather. The animal photographed is quite tame, and will crawl all over you.—F. A. NICOLSON, Tangier.

